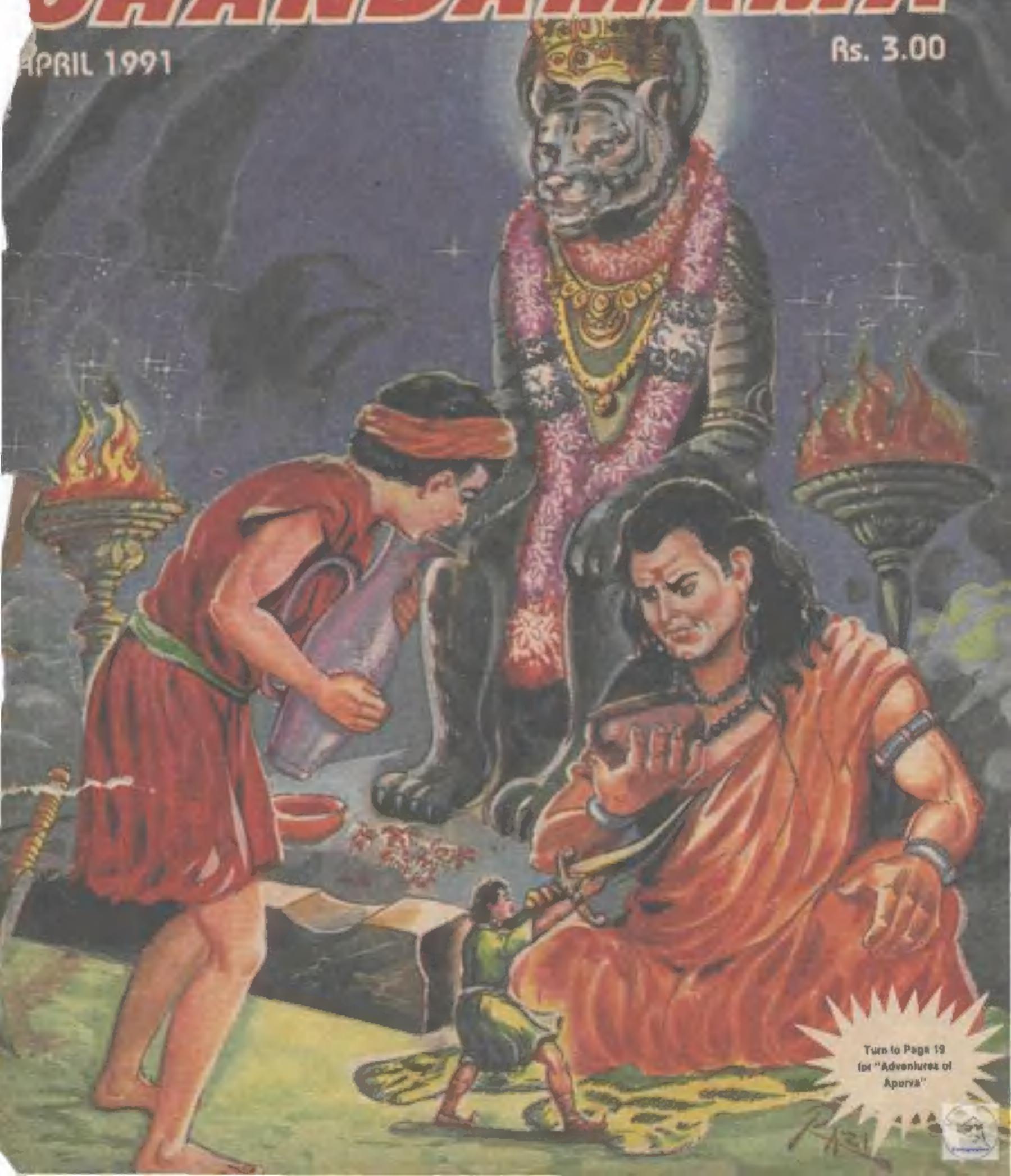


# CHANDAMAMA

APRIL 1991

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Turn to Page 19  
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Apurva"





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So next time Croco met Kandy Bear he said, "My wife wants to have your heart!" Poor Kandy Bear was so scared. He did some quick thinking. "Croco, don't harm me. I'll give you something sweeter than my heart."



"What's that?" asked Croco.  
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FROM THE HOUSE OF CHANDAMAMA



# CHANDAMAMA

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And News Flash, Let Us Know  
and More!

## NEXT ISSUE

Vol. 21 May 1991 No. 11

A MIRACLE AWAITED: Thanks to Apurva, Samir escapes from his kidnappers and helps the king's men to catch them. The bandits are full of remorse, and Samir pleads for them with the king. He is adamant. ADVENTURES OF APURVA keeps up the suspense.

One story leads to another in PANCHATANTRA, in vibrant colours, literally and figuratively, through Bujjai's brush.

There is HOPE FROM SOUTH as the Vanaras, led by Angada and Hanuman, make further progress in VEER HANUMAN.

Besides the regular features, more stories fill the bill to make May worth waiting for.

Printed by B.V. REDDI at Pressed Process Private Ltd, 188 N.S.K. Salai, Madras 600 026 (India) and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI on behalf of CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapettoni, Madras 600 026 (India). The stories, articles and designs contained herein are the exclusive property of the publishers and copying or adapting them in any manner will be dealt with according to law.



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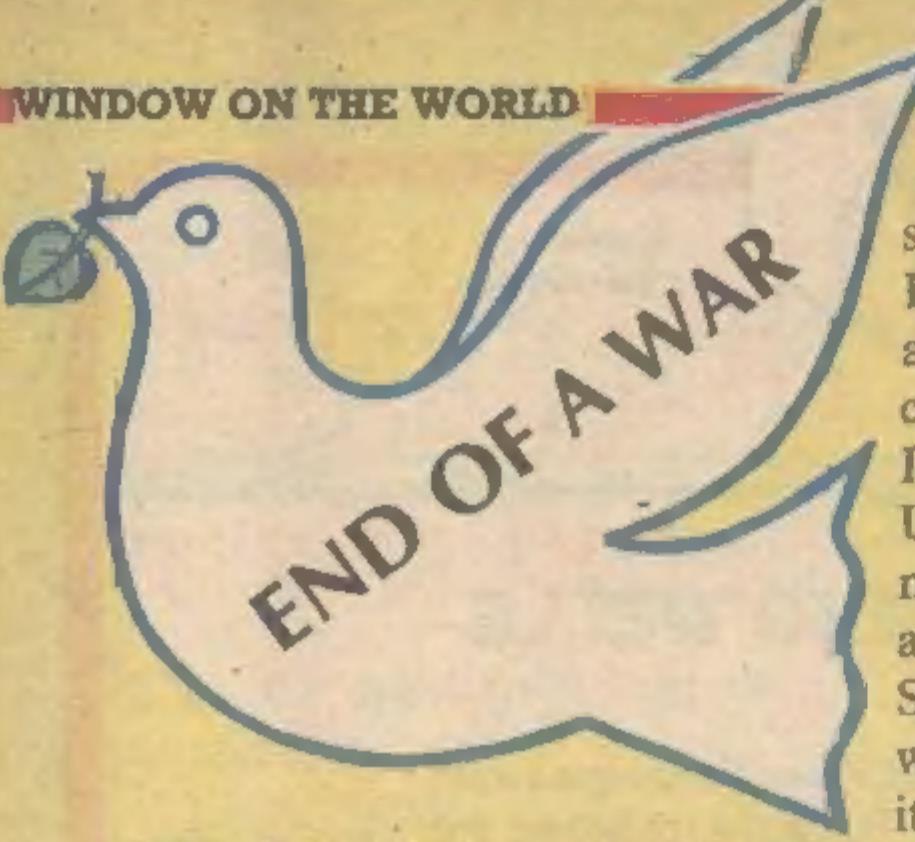
Founder:  
CHAKRAPANI

## THE BURNING WELLS

The Gulf War has ended. Kuwait is liberated from its occupation by Iraq. But while retreating, the Iraqis put fire to hundreds of oil wells. The wells are burning furiously, destroying billions of rupees worth of oil everyday. Experts say that it may take years to completely extinguish the fire.

Why did the Iraqis do such a thing? They thought that the oil belonged to Kuwait. By destroying the oil, they were damaging Kuwait. But the oil is the wealth nature has created for the entire earth. Whoever looks at such wealth as private property, is wrong. It is time when all the countries must sit down and identify what are the things that belong to different countries and what are the things that belong to all the countries together or to humanity. That is the only solution to such problems.





## END OF A WAR

The Gulf War has ended. It is a great relief. But there is hardly anything to be happy about it. It is a great pity that a war had to be fought at all at a time when we have so many peace-making agencies in the world, ready to negotiate between the quarrelling nations.

The United Nations is the foremost among such organisations. It is a time to have a look at the role it played in the conflict.

The United Nations was born on the 24th of October 1945 "for the maintenance of international peace and security". Its membership was open to all nations, big or small. Its Charter very clearly says that it will work "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war."

Iraq invaded and conquered a small but sovereign country, Kuwait. The United Nations asked Iraq to vacate Kuwait. The call went out again and again. As Iraq did not heed the call, the United Nations approved its member countries to apply force and liberate Kuwait. The United States took the lead. But there were 30 countries to actively help it. Countries which sent their major military forces were Egypt, France, Saudi Arabia and United Kingdom. Canada and Germany were not lagging far behind.

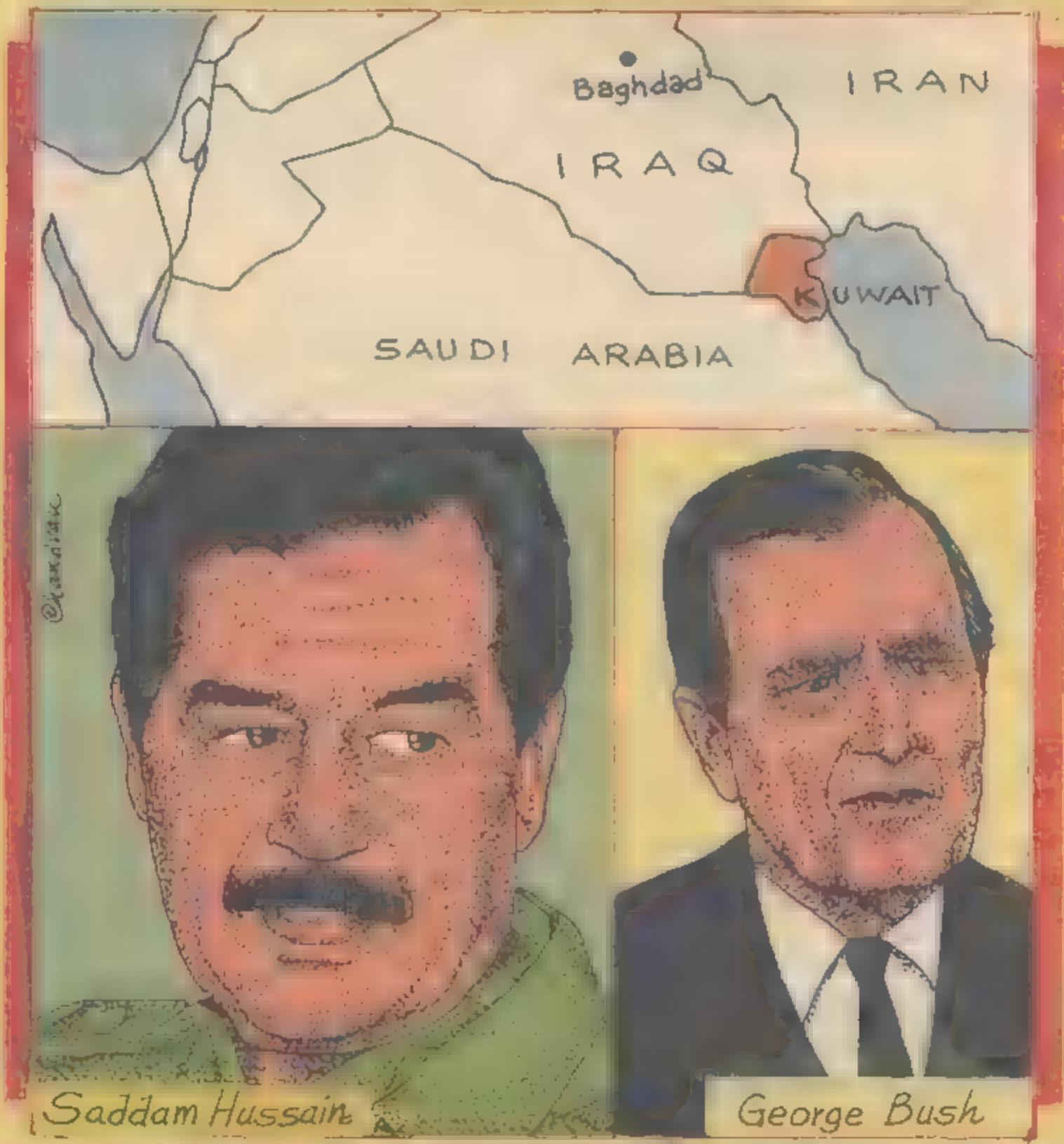
The purpose of the war was not to defeat Iraq, but to liberate Kuwait. Most of the countries fighting the Iraqi forces were interested in upholding the right of a nation to remain free.

Their goal has been achieved. Kuwait is free. But much blood had to be shed, the sea, air and water had to be polluted, tens of thousands of homes had to be shattered, untold amount of money had to be spent to achieve the goal. Could these have been avoided? Yes, they could have been avoided. Iraq is a member of the United Nations. It should have respected the resolutions of



the United Nations. One lesson that comes out of the war is, the United Nations is not yet fully capable of achieving its ideals in a peaceful way. A time has come

when its members must reflect on this weakness of this great world organisation. A stronger United Nations should be able to ward off similar conflicts in the future.



Saddam Hussain

George Bush



## A LESSON FOR THE BULLY

In a certain forest lived a rabbit. Very close to the forest lived a farmer. He cultivated different vegetables around his cottage. The rabbit often crept into his ground and nibbled at the fruits which were to its liking.

Now, there was a jackal who always bullied the rabbit. "You are a brainless bundle of wool!" it would say. If the rabbit protested, the jackal advanced towards it menacingly. The rabbit knew only too well that it would be no match for the jackal. Luckily, he could run faster than the jackal. "Only if I catch you, I will chew you up!" the jackal would warn the rabbit.

One day the farmer placed a rope with a knot around a ripe fruit. He did it in such a way that any creature which would eat the fruit would find itself trapped by the knot.

It so happened that the rabbit was the one to eat the fruit. It was too late when it realised that it had been trapped. It had commonsense enough to know that if it tried to escape, the knot would get tighter. It sat quietly.

But the situation got even more complicated. The rabbit saw the jackal coming that way. There was no escape. The jackal would tear him asunder.

But the rabbit sported a wide smile. The jackal was surprised that the little creature did not flee at its sight.

"Why are you looking so happy? And what is the meaning of this rope around your neck?" asked the jackal.

"Brother jackal, Aunty Cow saw me a little while ago. Her daughter is going to be married today. She insisted that I attend the wedding reception and eat the

delicious dishes prepared on the occasion. I told her that she would do wiser to invite you, for you can do greater justice to the food! But she thought that you may not oblige her. Lest I should run away, she put this knot around my neck," said the rabbit and it laughed.

"Hm." The jackal also smiled. "In fact I would not have refused her request. But..." the jackal stopped.

"There is no 'but', brother. You can take my place here. When Aunty Cow finds you, she will be happier," said the rabbit.

The jackal opened the knot and set the rabbit ■ liberty. Then the rabbit fastened the knot around the jackal's neck.

"Good. I think Aunty Cow is coming. I can hear her footsteps," said the rabbit as it slipped into hiding.

The ■ who ■ with a stick ■ the farmer. "So, you are the thief!" he exclaimed, bringing his stick down ■ the jackal's

back. After five or six rounds of beating the stick broke. "Better I call my dog!" mumbled the man and he left for his hut.

The rabbit came out of its hiding and said, "I am sorry!"

"Set me free, set me free at once," said the jackal.

"But Aunty Cow should be here any moment! Think of the feast..."

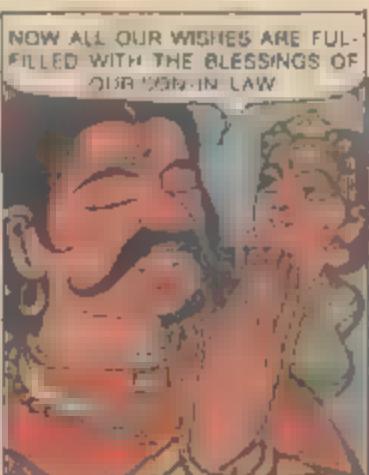
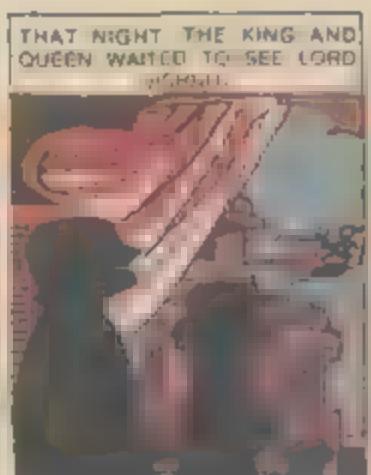
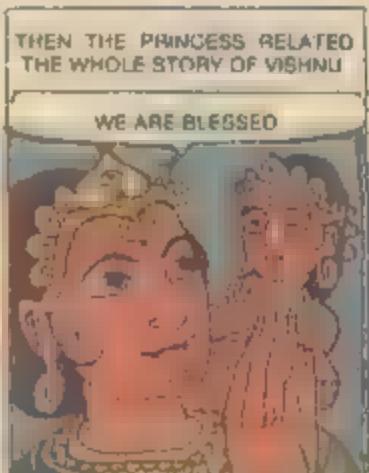
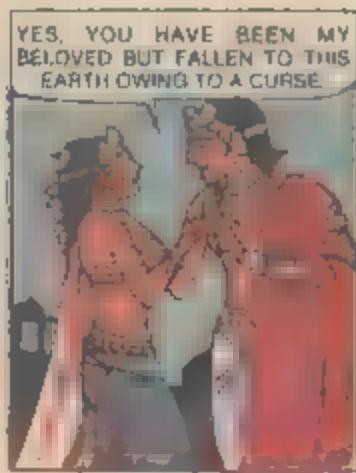
"Think of the dog the fellow is bringing! Set me free at once. I have no desire to attend the Cow's reception!" cried out the jackal.

While opening the knot, the rabbit said, "I ■ so sorry to see ■ intelligent and dignified member of the forest like you humiliated by ■ mere farmer. But I don't propose to report this to anybody!"

"That is very kind of you. We should respect each other's dignity," said the jackal.

A dog's barking was heard. Both the creatures ran away. After this incident the jackal never bullied the rabbit.

A fine quotation is a diamond on the finger of a man of wit, and a pebble in the hand of a fool.



पातेन कर्तुक इति रात्रियार्थः पत्नीय ।  
तथा त्वरार्थः पत्नी भविष्यत्पत्नं पथा ॥

AFTER SOME DAYS—  
O' KING! WE HAVE COME TO COLLECT THE TAXES DUE TO THE MONARCH OF THE SOUTH



TELL HIM THAT HEREAFTER I AM NOT GOING TO PAY TAXES



FEW DAYS PASSED—  
MY LORD! THE MONARCH OF THE SOUTH HAS BESIEGED OUR CITY WITH HIS TROOPS



THE KING WENT TO THE PRINCESS CHAMBER—

MY CHILD! REQUEST YOUR HUSBAND TO DESTROY THE ENEMY WHO HAS ATTACKED US



THE PRINCESS CONVEYED HER FATHER'S REQUEST TO HER HUSBAND



DON'T WORRY, MY LOVE. WAR WITH MAN IS A TRIFLE TO ME



WHAT SHALL I DO NOW? GO TO WAR AND DIE... OR MOUNT THE BIRD, GET AWAY AND LOSE MY BELOVED



DAMANAKA CONCLUDES THE STORY

KARATAKA! WHAT DO YOU THINK HAS HAPPENED TO THE FAKE VISHNU



EITHER HE FLEW AWAY ON HIS GARUDA OR WAS KILLED?



HOW KARATAKA! LISTEN CAREFULLY! THE REAL VISHNU IN HEAVEN CAME TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THE FAKE VISHNU



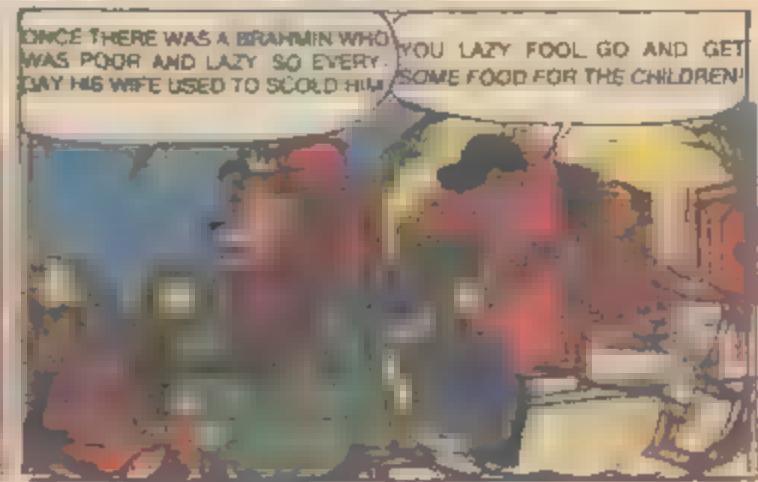
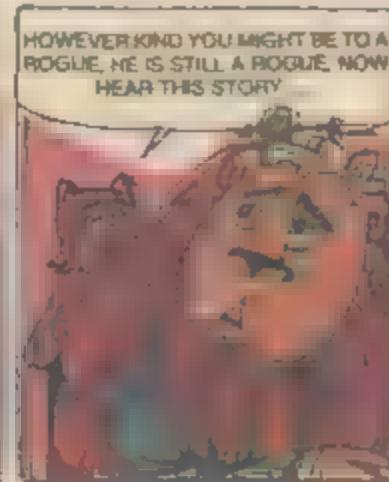
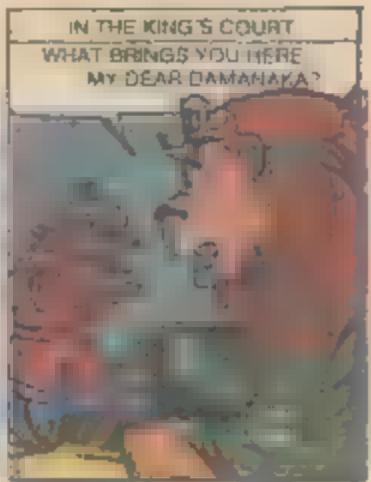
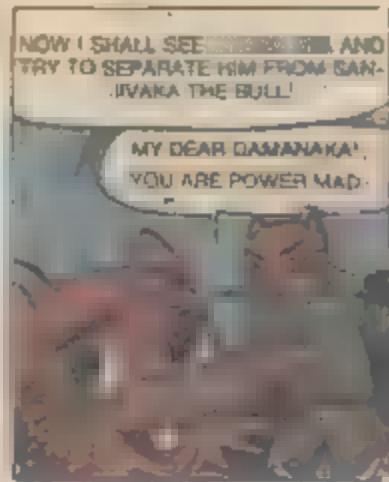
HE WAS ANXIOUS TO PREVENT THE SCANDAL THAT WOULD ARISE IF THE FAKE VISHNU WOULD BE KILLED BY MERE MEN



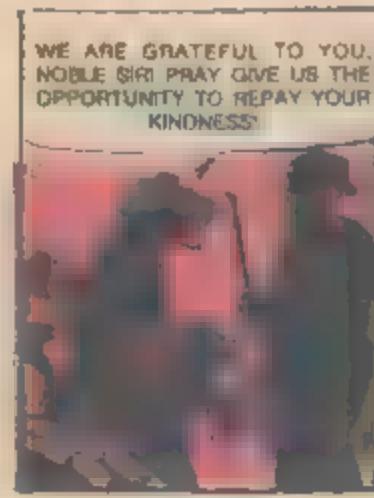
SO HIS SPIRIT ENTERED THE WEAVER'S BODY AND GARUDA HELPED HIS MOUNT, SO THE WEAVER DESTROYED THE ENEMY AND LIVED HAPPILY WITH THE PRINCESS.



A worthy man might fall, but he rebounds like a ball. But when an unworthy man falls he lies there a lump of mud.

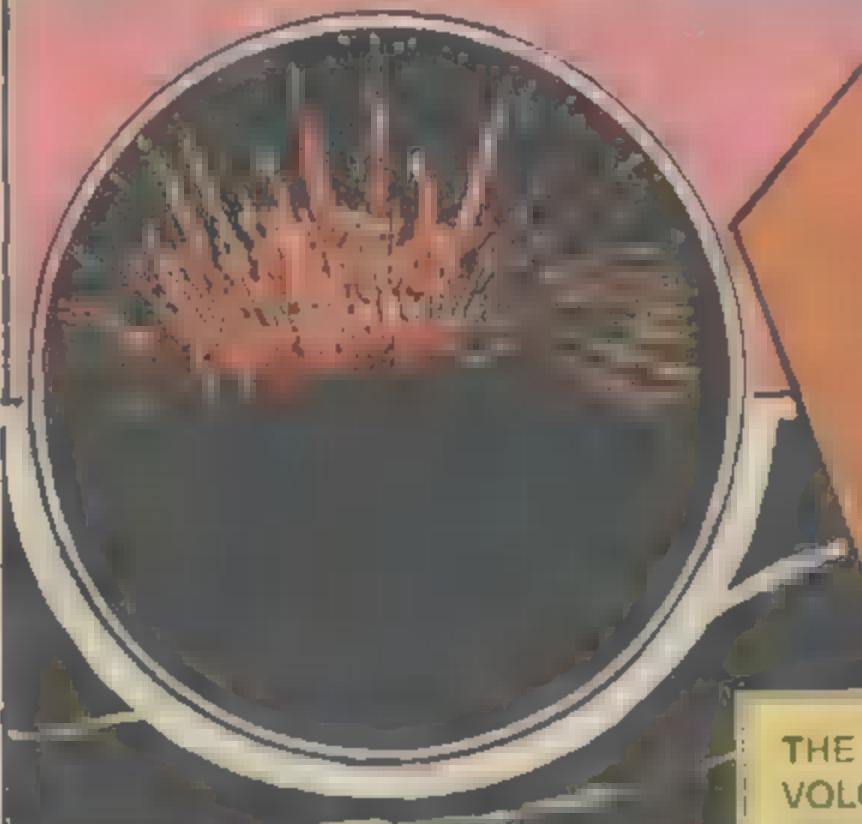


पितॄन्त नहुः स्वप्नमेव नामः स्वयं न सावान्त फलानि इदा:  
तदर्थानि भास्ये खन वातिवाहा: परेष्वक्ष स्वयं सतां विधत्यः ॥



The monkeys did as they were told and never ate the fruits that Sudhakar had planted. They did not eat the fruits that were not their own fruits, nor do the elephants eat the crops nurtured by them. The monkeys went to the monkeys' forest and informed them of all these.

## VOLCANOES



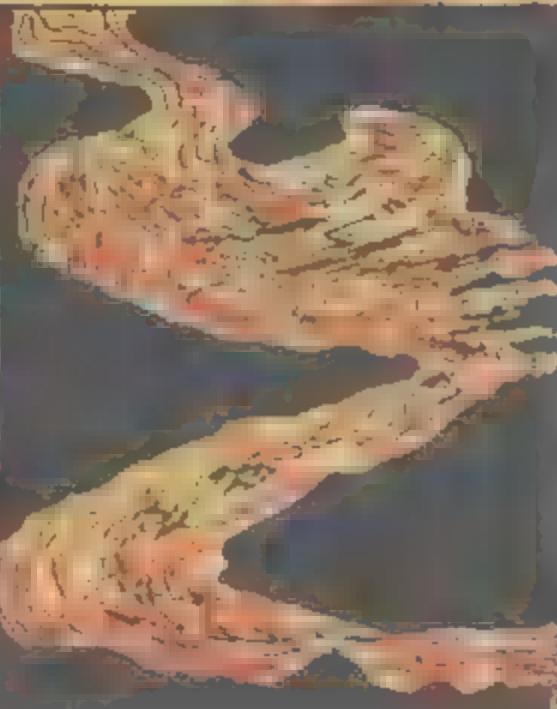
THE GREATEST KNOWN VOLCANIC EXPLOSION OCCURRED ABOUT 1470 BC WHEN THIRA (SANTORINI) A VOLCANIC ISLAND IN THE AEGEAN SEA ERUPTED. IT IS SAID TO HAVE EMITTED SOME 70 CUBIC KM OF MATERIAL, AND ITS ENERGY WAS EQUAL TO 4,000, 000 H.BOMBS.



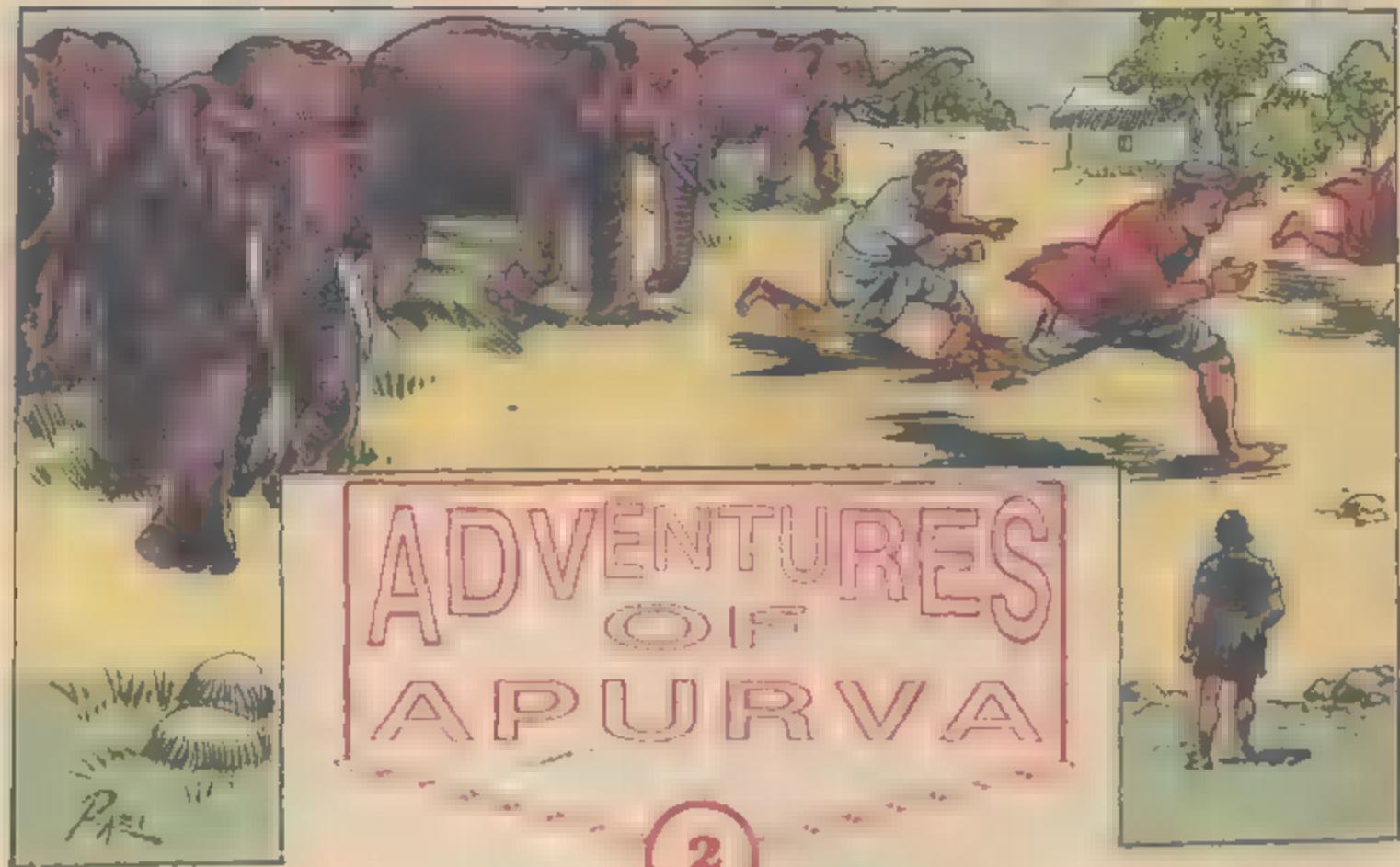
THE TOTAL NUMBER OF ACTIVE VOLCANOES IN THE WORLD IS 455. 167 OF THESE ARE IN INDONESIA.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST ACTIVE VOLCANO IS MAUNA LOA, HAWAII. THE DISTANCE FROM ITS BASE OF THE OCEAN BED TO ITS SUMMIT IS ALMOST 10 KM (6 MILES) AND ITS BASE DIAMETER IS ABOUT 200 KM (120.28 MILES).



THE LONGEST LAVA FLOW IN HISTORIC TIMES WAS FROM AN ERUPTION IN SOUTH-EAST ICELAND IN 1783. IT MEASURED 90 KM (43.5 MILES).



# ADVENTURES OF APURVA

2

(A hermit in the Himalaya created a tiny human being out of the elements of Nature, through the medium of a Yajna. Noble and brave, the boy whose name was Apurva and who was hardly bigger than a doll, saved a burning village by commanding a horde of elephants to shoot jets of water into the fire.)

**T**he elephants chased the landlord's henchmen, some of whom fell down and rolled on the ground, while some others managed to cross the meadow and disappear into the village.

The elephants did not do any harm to them. They trumpeted and returned to their forest.

Apurva had been moved to see

the landlord's henchmen harassing the poor villagers. Although new to this world, he had been endowed with the knowledge and wisdom which could have been gained by a sage in a hundred years. He could immediately establish a link with the secret forces of Nature. It is through these forces that he had sum-

## THE KIDNAPPED BOY



moned the elephants. Now, he thanked the elephants silently and wished them to go back.

He was happy to have a look of the world. He enjoyed the trees swaying in the breeze. The tender ripples on the waters of the river and the chirping of the birds charmed him.

There was a glorious sunset across the meadow, behind the hills. But, suddenly in the wind, he heard a cry. No ordinary human being could have heard that. But he could see distant objects and hear distant noise. Even someone's silent cry could be heard by him.

He began to run. As he

gathered speed, at one point he became invisible, for he became one with the speed of light. Even if he were visible while running, he ran so fast and he was so small that hardly anybody would notice him.

It was already dark when Apurva stood in front of a hut, on the outskirts of a village.

"Have mercy on me, please! Spare my little child. Instead, take away the few ornaments and coins I have," said a tearful female voice.

Apurva peeped into the hut. A poor woman was crouching on the ground, at the feet of three giant-like men. They looked ferocious. Two of them held lathis while the third one held a dagger which was dazzling in the faint light of the lamp.

One of them held a teenage boy, clamping his palm on the boy's mouth.

The leader of the three rowdies laughed at the woman's pleading. "Look here," he said, "we are not interested in your ornaments or money. We have enough. We are taking your son. He has all the traits and signs which should make him an ideal offering for the deity. We have been observing him from our hidings for the





P-22

past two days. You should be proud of him."

"Of course I am proud of him. How can I let you take him away?" cried out the woman.

"You should be proud of the fact that your son qualifies for our purpose. We will be blessed and you too will be blessed!" said the chief.

The woman gave out a wail. The rowides had no more patience. They left the hut, giving this last warning to the woman, "If you shout and shriek, we will kill you. Know that I am Bhaloo Sardar a terror to all. Keep quiet for the sake of your life and the life of your husband."

They left the hut and hurried into the forest, dragging the captive boy along with them.

The woman came out of the hut and gave out cries, while wailing, "My son is kidnapped by Bhaloo Sardar, the nasty bandit. He would sacrifice the boy to his deity. They came knowing full well that my husband was not at home to give them a fight. O villagers, come to my child's rescue!"

Apurva felt that the villagers could not recover the boy. In any case, he had no need to wait there to see what the villagers could or could not do. He followed the bandits.

They walked for five miles to enter a small valley surrounded by hills. On one side of the valley there were a number of caves, facing a deep ravine. Ten or twelve bandits stood in front of a large cave.

"We have secured the trophy. Is everything ready?" asked the chief.

"Ready, boss! Gobul consulted the almanac. The time for the sacrifice is fixed at midnight," said one of the bandits.

"Good. Deposit the trophy in the cave adjacent to the deity's. Now, put him to sleep with the

green potion. Put only a drop of it in a glass of water. If you put more, he would not get up by midnight. But the ritual demands that he should remain awake at the time of sacrifice," said the Chief.

Apurva saw a man entering a cave and putting a drop of liquid in a glass of water. They obliged the boy to drink it.

"Be he in senses or not, keep his legs and hands tied. Do you understand? It is after a long search that we discovered the right kind of boy. If he runs away..."

One of the bandits interrupted Bhaloo Sardar, the Chief, saying, "Where can he run away? He won't even find his way out of the valley!"

"Shut up! Do as I said," said the Chief.

"Yes, boss!" The bandit bowed to his Chief.

The boy was carried into the cave and laid on a mat. Apurva saw it through the bushes. The leaves rustled because of his movement. That attracted the attention of a bandit. "What is that?" he wondered. "Must be a rabbit," commented his colleague. Then both ignored the sound.



The bandits were busy preparing for the midnight ritual. Apurva, under the cover of darkness, crouched and crawled from spot to spot and saw all that was going on. He returned to the cave where the captive boy lay asleep. He observed the boy. The boy was much bigger than him. No doubt, Apurva had the strength to lift even an elephant. It would not be any problem for him to carry the boy. But with the boy, he cannot gather his supernatural speed. The bandits would spread out in every direction as soon as they find out that the boy is missing. Both of them would be captured. What is to be done?



He heard peals of laughter. Going out, he saw the bandits seated in front of the deity. The deity was the figure of a tiger. Apurva was amused

"Gobul! You are the priest. If you drink like us, your hands would become unsteady. You cannot behead the boy in one stroke. If you cannot, I will tear you to pieces!" said the Chief. "Remember, Bhaloo Sardar never pardons a defaulter," he added.

"Sardar! Be sure, I am not going to drink. You fellows may carry on," said Gobul the priest, putting a flower on the image of the tiger.

There was a huge jar on one

side. A bandit dipped a tumbler into it and filled it with wine and poured it into the stone cups held by the bandits.

Apurva had an idea. He went into the cave where the green potion was kept. He found a pitcher beside it. He filled the tumbler with the potion and carried it near the jar. He stood on a stone and slowly emptied the pitcher into the jar. He did so twice more.

Soon after the bandits were served wine for the second time, they looked drowsy. After the third round all of them collapsed, while laughing. Even the fellow who was serving them fell down midway.

"Now it is time for the sacrifice. Bring the trophy along!" said Gobul the priest, turning towards the bandits. Great was his surprise when he saw them sprawling on the ground. "What is this? What happened to you fellows?" he shouted. There was no answer from anyone.

The captive boy had just woken up. Apurva with his mighty strength, snapped the ropes with which he was tied. The boy looked stunned. "This is no time to feel bewildered. Come on. There is one fellow whom we

have to tackle," said Apurva. There was magic in his voice. The boy followed him.

Apurva picked up a dagger, as big as himself and held it out to Gobul and asked the boy to serve him with a cupful of wine. "Drink or you die!" commanded Apurva threateningly. The nervous priest gave out a shriek, sure that Apurva was a goblin. "Drink!" commanded the kidnapped boy. He drank up and lay in a stupor near his comrades.

"What is your name?" Apurva asked the boy.

"Samir," answered the boy.

"Let us hurry!" said Apurva. They walked and ran. The boy was sure that Apurva was an angel. Both reached the boy's village early in the morning. The villagers had stopped a regiment of the King's army which was on

its way from one town to another. They were discussing about the kidnapping.

"Inform them that they can capture the bandits easily. The gang would not wake up before mid-day, I am sure," Apurva advised the boy and said, "Goodbye!"

"Please wait!" Samir pleaded with him.

Apurva stopped. "I don't know how to express my gratefulness to you," said Samir, his cheeks flooding with tears.

"If you were saved from death today, know that you have a greater purpose in life. Call me deep in your heart, should you need my assistance at any time. My name is Apurva."

Apurva then ran away.

—To continue





## THE UNUSUAL IMAGE

This happened long ago. In a certain village lived a farmer named Vinod. He worked hard in his fields and somehow made both ends meet. He also looked after an orphan boy and looked after him well. Nandu was the boy's name.

But these were not the reasons for the people of the village to love him. They loved him because he never failed to keep his word. He never did anything to harm others; he never spoke a harsh word that would wound someone's feeling.

One season there was an excellent crop in the area. Every farmer or landowner was happy. So was Vinod. He expected a crop that would be twice his usual yield. He dreamed of pulling down his dilapidated house and building up a new one.

But only a few days before the harvest there was a continuous downpour for a full week. The river was in spate. The flood water invaded the corn fields and began to destroy the crop. Along the river there was a stretch of land belonging to the landlord. Its huge crop was entirely swept away by the flood. Soon the other villagers also lost their crops. Vinod had been detained at his maternal uncle's house which was ten miles away. On his return, he saw the terrible flood approaching his fields. Suddenly he picked up a stick and screamed at the waters, "Do you intend to carry away the outcome of my hard labour? Who are you to do so? Recede, get out, I say!"

He lifted his stick as if to threaten his foe with dire consequences! Surprisingly, the flood

began to recede, his crop was left untouched.

When the rains were over and the flood was no longer there, the people were amazed to see that while everybody had lost his crop, Vinod's crop stood intact. They wondered if Vinod knew some magic to ward off the flood!

Vinod gave up the idea of building a new house. He distributed his yield among those who had lost everything.

A year passed. One evening Nandu fell into a deep well on the roadside. People who saw it cried in horror and that brought more people to the spot. But they only looked on helplessly. The boy was struggling in the water. He did not know how to keep himself afloat. He was trying to save himself by holding on to some bricks. But either his hands slipped or the old bricks broke. There was no rope near the well, because it was not in use. Some people ran in search of a rope, but there was no time to lose. Nandu was becoming breathless.

Vinod heard about the accident and he came running. Looking into the well, he screamed, "What do you mean, you well? What business have



you to take away a poor orphan's life? Get dry, I say!"

Lo and behold, the water began to dry up. Nandu stood on the wet sand and heaved a sigh of relief. Soon some people fetched a tall ladder from the landlord's house and Nandu came out and hugged Vinod.

Now the villagers were sure that Vinod possessed miraculous powers. They showed great reverence to him despite his protests.

People started visiting him with flowers and fruit. One day, looking at a group of visitors, Vinod said with anguish, "What do you think of me? I am an ordinary villager, a mere farmer!

Why do you offer flowers and fruit to me? I don't have even place to keep them in my small hut. I wish this were a temple!"

The very next day the king reached the village and said that he had been ordered in his dream to build a temple on the very spot where Vinod's house stood. He requested Vinod to vacate his house, but he built for him a fine house close to the site of the temple.

As the construction of the temple was nearing completion, Vinod fell ill. By the time the temple was ready, everybody knew that Vinod was dying. The king visited him and sat beside him and asked politely, "Vinod, who should be the deity to dwell in the temple? What is your wish?"

"Faith in Providence!" said Vinod. They were his last words.

He died.

The problem was, how to make an image of "Faith in Providence"? There was no sculptor or craftsman willing to take up the challenge. Time passed.

Nandu inherited Vinod's house and his property. But since Vinod's death, he was not seen often. One day he invited the leading villagers to his house. "I think, I have been able to create an image of "Faith in Providence. Kindly have a look at it."

The villagers were amazed to see the image. It was the face of Vinod — calm and serene. It inspired faith in the heart of the beholder.

The king was informed about it. He too marvelled at the image. It was installed in the temple and all were happy.





## WANTED: A RICH BRIDEGROOM!

Krishnakant had started his life as a poor farm labourer, but had become a wealthy farmer by the dint of his own merit. He was also respected by the people of his locality for his wit and wisdom.

"Krishnaji, what about Chandra's marriage?" asked Ram Pandey, the priest. "I am sure, there is no girl as beautiful and as sweet natured as your daughter," he added.

"That is correct, Pandey. I am rather proud of my daughter Chandra. I want her to marry a boy who must be rich," said Krishnakant. "Richer than me!" he added.

"Don't you worry, Krishnaji. Leave that to me. In fact, I have someone most eligible in my mind already," said Pandey the priest.

"Who is he?" asked Krishnakant.

"Subodh of the neighbouring village, Manjari. You can call him a merchant-prince. He is also so handsome! He would not demand any big dowry either. Say, a lakh of rupees would do. I have ascertained it," said Pandey.

"But he is poor!" commented Krishnakant.

Pandey looked startled. "Poor? What do you mean? His business establishment would value no less than a crore! And have you seen his palatial house?"

"He is quite poor!" said Krishnakant again.

"I don't know how to find an eligible young man who would be even richer!" murmured Pandey.

But he was back after a fort-

night. "Krishnaji! I have great news for you. The richest eligible bachelor is willing to marry your daughter. He is Prafulla of the village Lallupet. As you know, he is a landlord and the value of his estate can easily be estimated at ten crores. He even does not need a huge dowry. A token of fifty thousand would do."

"But he is so poor!" commented Krishnakant.

Pandey kept looking at Krishnakant vacantly. "What are you thinking, Pandey? Did I not say that I must have a rich son-in-law?"

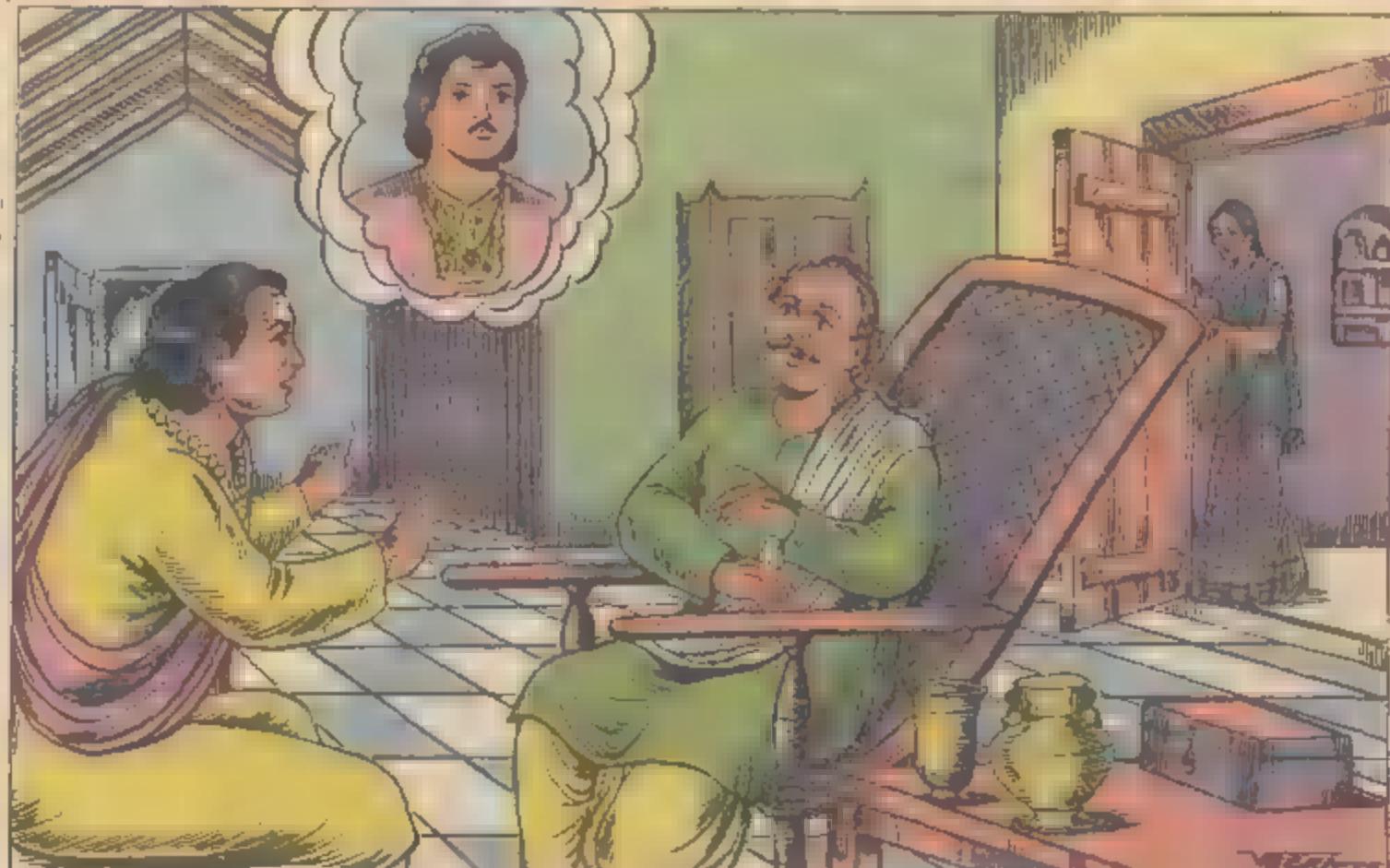
Pandey stood up and walked out. On the road he met Abhimanya, a young man who was Krishnakant's neighbour.

"Pandeyji, why are you looking so gloomy?" asked Abhimanya.

Pandey knew that Abhimanya can be trusted. He said, "My boy, I fear that our Krishnakant has grown a bit crazy. He wanted to find a rich young man to marry Chandra. I proposed two of the wealthiest young men in this district. But he dismissed them saying that they were poor!"

"Is Krishnaji thinking of Chandra's marriage? Why don't you propose my name to him?" asked Abhimanya.

Pandey gave a quizzical look



at him and sighed and said, "My boy, to be frank, I fear that you are also mad! Or maybe, you are joking with me."

Pandey walked away in a huff.

But, to his utter surprise, Pandey learnt some days later that Chandra was to be married to Abhimanya. He could not sleep at night. How was this possible? Abhimanya owned a small house. All he had for his property were four buffaloes and an acre of vegetable farm.

Pandey met Abhimanya in the evening and said, "My son, I am happy, but I am also puzzled. How could Subodh and Prafulla be poor and you rich? How could

you dare to propose your candidature to Krishnaji?"

"Sir, you agree that Krishnaji is a wise man, don't you?" asked Abhimanya.

"Of course he is wise. That is why I thought that he would jump at the proposals I put before him," said Pandey.

"Sir, a wise man has a different yardstick to measure wealth. Both Subodh and Prafulla appeared needy to him. One needed a lakh; another fifty thousand. If they were to take and he was to give, how can they be richer than him? He knows me. He has seen that whatever I have, I have earned them. For





him one's endeavour and capacity ■ one's true wealth. He told me that he would give ■ his daughter, but keep his own property for his old age. I told him that in old age what is helpful is not property, but care and affection. He will receive that from me. So far ■ his property is concerned, he can will it for

charity. He liked my ideal. Confidentially speaking there was another factor. He knew that Chandra liked me."

Pandey nodded happily and embraced Abhimanya, and said, "Fool that I am; I thought that both Krishnaji and you are mad. Now I realise that both of you are wise!"

## WONDER WITH COLOURS



## CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT - 30

# THE INDIA OF THEIR DREAMS

### AN INDIAN ABOVE ALL

Dadabhai Naoroji (1825-1917) was a leading member of the Parsi community of Bombay. But he became a great leader of India as a whole. He was the first Indian to be elected a member of the House of Commons, London. He became the President of Indian National Congress in 1886 and 1893 and again in 1906. It was under his Presidentship that the Congress, at its Calcutta session of 1906 declared Swaraj as its goal.

Let us read from his Presidential Address at the Lahore Congress in 1893:

“Let us always remember that we are children of our mother country. Indeed, I have never worked in any other spirit than that I am an Indian and owe duty to my country and all my countrymen. Whether I am a Hindu, a Muhammadan, a Parsi, a Christian, or of any other creed, I am above all an Indian. Our country is India, our nationality is Indian.”

### DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which is the largest and the heaviest animal in the world?
2. Which is the tallest animal in the world?
3. Who was the heaviest man known so far?
4. What was his weight?
5. Who was the heaviest woman known so far?
6. What was her weight?

# KARTIKEYA



Once the Asuras grew so powerful that the gods fled their abodes. The leader of the Asuras, Tarakasura, was particularly a terror. He did not care for anybody, man or god, because according to a boon he had obtained from Brahma, nobody above the age of seven days could kill him. And where is the question of any one less than a week old confronting him?

But it so happened that the

Fire once carried some powers of Lord Shiva and threw them on the waters of the sacred river Ganga. The Ganga deposited them on a valley of *Sara* grass. There the powers were changed into a lovely god-child. Six *krittikas* or godly nymphs arrived there to breast-feed him. The child developed six faces so that all the six mothers could nurture it at the same time. He was called *Kartikeya* because he

was nurtured by the *krittikas* and *Sanmukha* because he had six faces. He is also known as Kumara, Skandha, Subramanya, Guha and Saravana.

Shiva and Parvati took him as

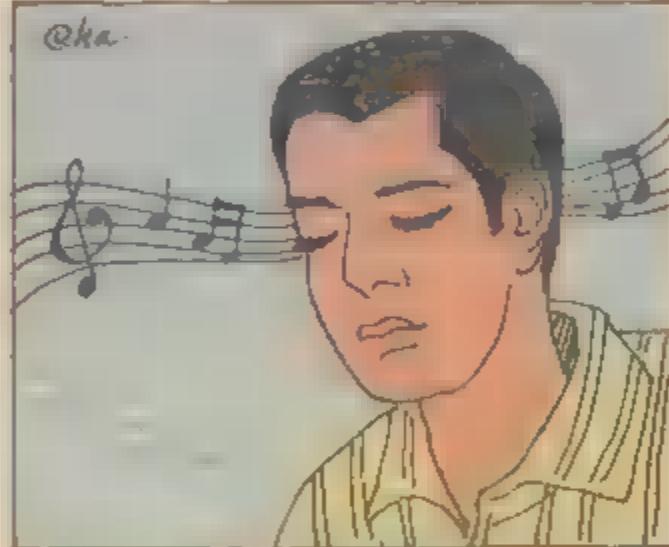
their son.

He was made the general of the gods. He challenged the Asuras to a battle and inflicted death and defeat on them.

## NEWS FLASH

### ■ Unique ■

In a small area of Karnataka known ■ Gadag, near Dharwar, ■ musician, born blind, had founded an institution in 1914. He ■ Panchakshari Gani. Since then each generation of musicians who have come out of the institution has a blind among them. The latest is Shimoga Venugopal, born blind, ■ highly gifted singer.



### Shorthand Record

The Lok Sabha reporter Mr. Harish Chandra Bist has ■ ■ ■ record in the 29th All-India Shorthand Championship, winning the event for the third successive year at ■ speed of 250 words per minute.

The 21-year old Bist is the youngest person ■ reach the 250 speed mark set by his father in 1980.

## LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. Name the authors who come to your mind when you think of Ujjain, Stratford-upon-Avon, Troy, Ayodhya, Mylapore.
2. Where is to be found the burial ground containing the tombs of a large number of English authors?
3. What is meant by an Indo-Anglian writer?
4. Who was the great Sanskrit grammarian of ancient India?
5. When did he live and what is the name of his work?

### ANSWERS

#### GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. The Blue whale.
2. The giraffe.
3. Jon Brower Minnoch (1941-83) of the U.S.A.
4. 635 kg or 1400 lb.
5. Percy Pearl (1926-72) of the U.S.A.
6. 399 kg or 880 lb.

#### LITERATURE

1. Kalidasa, Shakespeare, Homer, Valmiki and Tiruvalluvar.
2. Westminster Abbey, London.
3. An Indian who writes in English.
4. Panini.
5. In 4th century B.C. or earlier. His work is *Astadhyayi*.

*The population of Lakshadweep (see page 36, February 1991 issue) is 40,000 and not 40 lakhs.*



## WORLD MYTHOLOGY

### A WARNING FOR ATLANTA

A beautiful princess, Atlanta, one day, while wandering alone under a rock, heard a strange voice. It warned her that she should not marry. If she does, evil shall befall her.

Meanwhile several youths of noble families and princes had sent proposals to her father for marrying her. The proud father could not decide whose proposal to accept.



Atlanta knew that if she told her father that she would not marry, he would compel her to marry. But a princess had the right to put forth any condition for her marriage. So she said, "I will marry the one who can defeat me in a running race."



It was also decided that those who cannot outdo her in the race, shall meet with their death. The race began. The referee was a young man named Hipomenes. In no time Atlanta left the competitors far behind her.

As the princes conceded defeat, they were killed. A few more suitors came forward. They too, met with the same fate. Suddenly Hipomenes, the referee, proposed to try his luck.



Atlanta had a secret liking for Hipomenes. She could neither dissuade him nor encourage him. Hipomenes went to a place of solitude and prayed to Goddess Venus.

Goddess Venus was pleased. She appeared before Hipomenes and gave him three apples with an indication what he should do with them. Hipomenes was greatly pleased. He bowed to the goddess.



The race between Atlanta and Hipomenes began. This time there were many spectators. Once Atlanta started running, she forgot her love for Hipomenes. As she was about to surpass him, Hipomenes threw an apple.

The wonderful apple attracted Atlanta's fancy. She slowed down and picked it up. Hipomenes gathered speed and surpassed Atlanta. The spectators applauded his feat.





Twice more when Atlanta left him behind, Hippomenes threw an apple. Atlanta hesitated, but could not check her temptation. She slowed down to pick them up. Thus, Hippomenes won the race narrowly.

Atlanta forgot the warning and married Hippomenes. Both were immensely happy. It was expected of Hippomenes that he would go to the temple of Venus and pay his gratitude to her, but he forgot to do so.



But Venus was annoyed with them. Through another goddess, Cybele, her curse befell them. The two were changed into lions. Thus, the warning Atlanta had received materialised. Marriage brought her this strange change.



## VEER HANUMAN

7

*(As advised by Rama, Lakshmana advanced towards Kleekindhya, armed with his bow and arrows. As he thought more and more about Sugriva's ungratefulness, he felt more and more disgusted and decided to give a bit of his mind to Sugriva.)*

The Vanaras guarding the palace could see Lakshmana coming from a distance. Under the impression that the stranger could be an enemy they got ready to challenge him. Their attitude enraged Lakshmana even more. Some of the Vanaras ran into the inner apartment of the palace and informed Sugriva about the

stranger's approach. But Sugriva, engrossed in merrymaking, hardly paid any attention to them.

It was Angada who rushed forward to greet Lakshmana. In a stern voice, Lakshmana told him, "Go and inform Sugriva about my arrival. Tell him that my brother is sorry on account of

TIME TO ACT



his conduct. Let him come out and listen to me."

Angada hurried to Sugriva and reported to him about it. Sugriva asked his ministers, "I have done nothing wrong, nor have I uttered anything to displease Rama. Why then is he angry with me? My enemies must have instigated him against me. Not that I am afraid of Rama and Lakshmana, but I am afraid of losing the chance of returning their kindness towards me!"

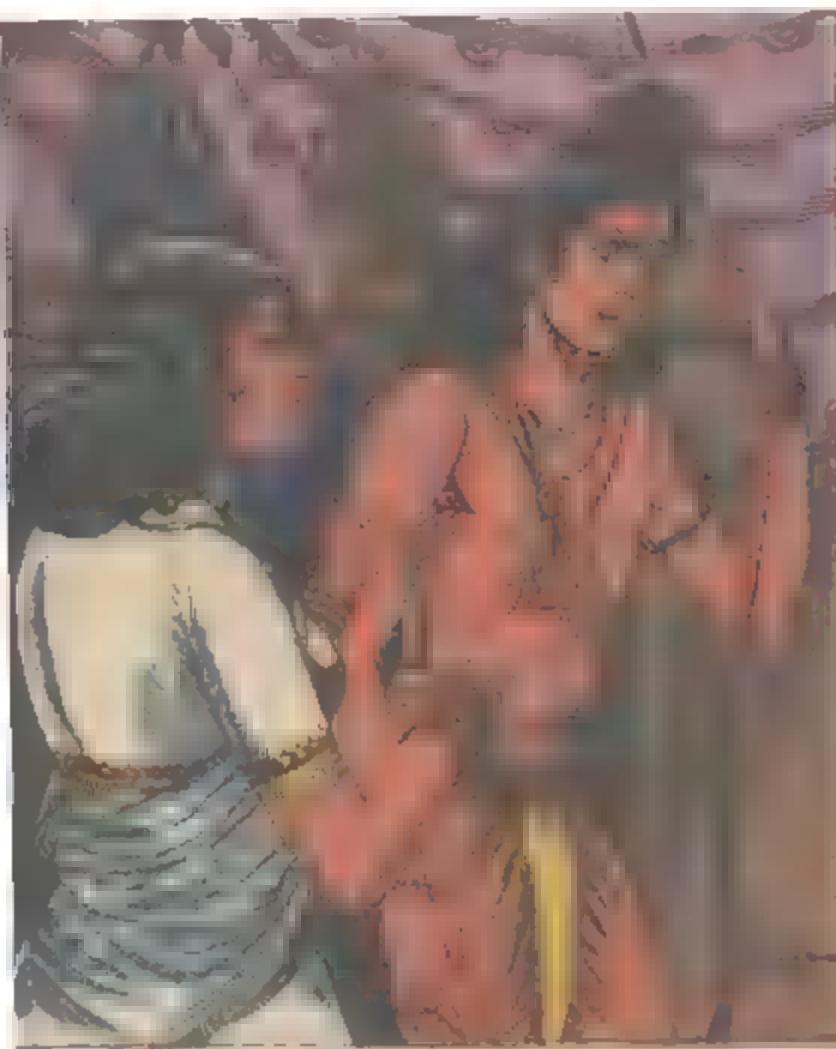
Hanuman replied to Sugriva, "O King, you must not forget the debt of gratitude you owe to Rama. You have done no wrong,

but you have not been quite conscious of the fact that time does not wait for anybody. By this time we should have been ready to go out in search of Sita Devi. Lakshmana has come to make you alert about your promised mission. Rama, who is passing his days remorsefully thinking of Sita Devi, might have sent a stern warning to you. But you should not mind even if Lakshmana were to speak harshly. We must show him all courtesy due to a friend, a prince and a benefactor. You should now go out and receive him cordially."

Meanwhile Lakshmana entered the palace, accompanied by Angada. He crossed the grand portal and looked with interest at the magnificence of the palace. As he neared Sugriva's apartment, he heard sweet music and saw beautiful damsels flitting about playfully. Lakshmana understood that Sugriva had forgotten all about his promise after getting the throne. Lakshmana made a twang with his bow and that sounded terribly fearful.

Sugriva heard the sound and felt benumbed with fear. He told





"Is it right for you to become so furious with your friend? No doubt, Sugriva has delayed his action. But I am the one responsible for that. I had failed to remind him of his duty. Pardon my folly and pardon Sugriva. Great men like you should not take serious note of errors of smaller beings like us."

Tara led Lakshmana into Sugriva's presence. Sugriva who was lying on a bed of luxury, bedecked in flowers and jewellery, had by then become alert and was standing with folded hands. A number of dancing girls had surrounded him.

Sugriva immediately stepped forward and stood before Lakshmana, his head bowed. Lakshmana said:

"It was due to Rama that you got back your throne. Yet, you chose to neglect his work. What is ingratitude if not this? Had Rama known your true nature, he would not have taken pains to relieve you of your anguish. To be frank, you deserve to be despatched where Vali has gone?"

Sugriva kept quiet. But Tara

Tara, "Go and try to pacify Lakshmana. He remains always calm. Now that he is so angry, I am afraid of meeting him."

Tara approached Lakshmana and said in a soothing voice, "Lakshmana! What has angered you? Who could have done such a mischief?"

"As if you don't know!" said Lakshmana with scorn, "You are a well-wisher of Sugriva, aren't you? Tell me, has his conduct been proper? Had he not promised to help us? Now that he has clean forgotten all that, what do you expect us to be if not angry?"

"O Lakshmana!" said Tara,

said again, "O Lakshmana! Do not take Sugriva ungrateful or wicked. After such suffering for years he became engrossed in pleasures for a while. Should you not view him with sympathy? There is nothing which Sugriva cannot sacrifice for the sake of Rama. He will certainly do the needful to trace Sita Devi and to fight with Ravana. He has already summoned all the Vanara soldiers. "They should be here soon. Please quieten yourself."

Lakshmana appeared pacified. At that Sugriva felt relieved and said, "Lakshmana! I am sorry for the delay. Is there anybody who

does not make mistakes at all? However, I beg to be pardoned."

Lakshmana was impressed by Sugriva's humility. He said, "We entirely depend on you for the rescue of Sita Devi. Come. Let us go and meet Rama."

Sugriva looked at Hanuman and said, "Send for all the Vanaras immediately. Let it be known that whoever fails to appear within ten days would be punished."

Hanuman lost no time in sending a number of emissaries in different directions in order to fulfil their king's order.

Thereafter Sugriva called for a gold palanquin, seated in which



Lakshmana and himself proceeded to meet Rama, escorted by Vanara courtiers. As soon as the procession reached the its destination, Sugriva got down and prostrated himself to Rama. Rama lifted him up and embraced him. Then all were seated.

Rama then told Sugriva that it was time for them to go out in search of Sita. Sugriva replied, "Please do not worry. Tens of thousands of Vanaras will be placed at your disposal before long. I have no doubt that with their help we can achieve our goal."

Sugriva narrated the steps he

had taken to gather all his soldiers. Rama was pleased to hear the report and expressed his confidence in Sugriva and his faithful lieutenants.

Soon the horizons looked clouded with a storm of dust. The Vanaras had started arriving. They came in large groups and were of a variety of colour and size. Different groups were led by great heroes like Sushena, father of Tara, Shatavali, Tar, father of Ruma, Kesari, foster father of Hanuman, Gavaksha and Dhumra. There were also other heroes such as Gavaya, Darmukha, Maind, Dwividha and Gaja. Then there were Gandha





madan and Angada. Each of them had brought a large army of Vanaras. There were also regiments of bears commanded by Jambavan.

They greeted their king, Sugriva. Sugriva presented them to Rama and asked their leaders to arrange for their food, shelter and rest amidst the wide forest.

Sugriva told Rama, "This vast sea of soldiers is at your command, ready to spread out according to your wish. Among them there are some who have great supernatural powers; there are others who are unsurpassable in courage and heroism. Now all are waiting for your word."

Rama embraced Sugriva again

and said, "My dear friend, first we must be certain that Sita Devi is alive. We should also find out the whereabouts of Ravana. Only then we can plan our actions."

Sugriva climbed a hill and calling the attention of all the Vanaras, told them what they were expected to do. He then divided his chiefs into four groups and sent one group in each direction. The chiefs were followed by a huge army of Vanaras.

Hanuman was included in the group which proceeded to the south.

— *To Continue*

**A lie travels all over the world, while Truth, still puts on her boots.**

LEAVES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT

## THE MIRACULOUS SOLUTION

Have you ever wondered why the figures and the hands of your clock glow in the darkness? Well, because there is an element called radium in them.

In the beginning of this century, in 1911 to be precise, Marie Curie, a French scientist discovered this fascinating element and its properties. She won the Nobel prize for Chemistry for her work and thus became the first lady to receive this prestigious award twice, for in 1903, she and her husband, Pierre Curie, had shared the Nobel prize for Physics along with another scientist, for the discovery of radioactivity.

Madame Curie was no doubt a genius. But behind her valuable contributions were years of tireless perseverance and sincere aspirations. Once she was solving a problem well into the middle of the night. All day she had laboured, but in vain. For the problem only appeared to her more and more intriguing. Tired, she went to rest awhile and soon fell asleep. The following morning she woke up and went to her desk to resume her work. Lo and behold, she found the problem solved to every minute detail on the papers spread before her.

Who could have done it? No one could have possibly entered the room, for the doors were all bolted from inside. Bewildered, she once again looked closely at the papers. And what should she discover? The solution was written in her very own handwriting!

Then she recalled that she had a strange dream during the night. She saw herself getting up from the bed, going to the desk, writing down the solution and returning to her sleep again! Little did she know that it was not just a dream; she had really done it!

Needless to say there are in this world, higher and deeper forces that guide and assist all sincere human endeavours and such forces dwell not only outside us, but also within us. (A.K.D)



## THE SWAN GIRL

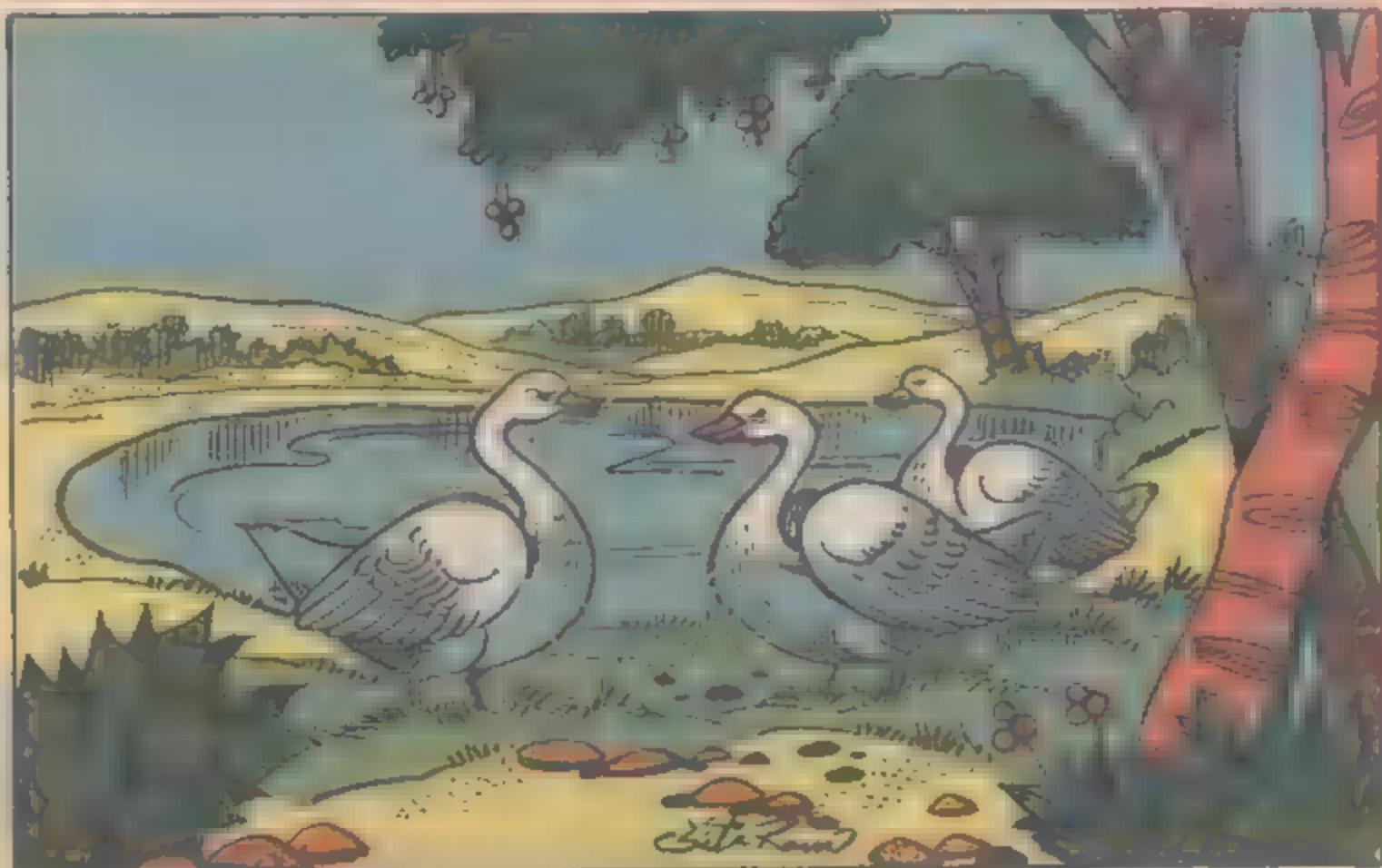
Long, long ago, deep, very deep in the forest glade, a lake lay glistening in the sun. From the blue sky above there suddenly descended three swans. They were unusually beautiful, with beaks of mustard yellow, snow-white feathers and ruby-red eyes. And above all, they talked in sweet human language.

"At last, we've found a quiet place," said one with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, well secluded and unwatched," joined the second.

"Then let us change and enjoy a pleasant swim in these crystal waters," quipped the other.

But alas! The three innocent creatures did not know that someone was spying on them. For high up in the tall tree, hidden by the thick foliage, perched a young man. A peasant though, occasionally he revelled in hunting. He had in fact dozed off, waiting for a prey, when whispering voices woke him up. He sat with bated breath. For below on the sandy bank he saw a





strange sight.

The swans cast aside their feathery robes and turned into three lovely damsels, one lovelier than the other, clad in beautiful costumes. Holding each other's hands, they romped into the placid water. They swam, they sang and they frolicked.

"What if I steal ~~one~~ of these soft white robes?" thought the peasant. Descending from the tree he stealthily picked up the one belonging to the prettiest of the three and returned to his hiding.

After a while the maidens came to look for their feathery robes

and found one missing. Frightened the first two put on theirs and at once turned into swans and flew away. But the third and the youngest searched for her magic robe under every bush and shrub and thicket, but in vain. Then remembering the advice of her fairy-godmother, if ever she confronts such a situation, she said in a clear loud tone:

"Whosoever has stolen my swan-coat,  
Hearken and with attention  
note.  
If your age is two summers less  
than a score,  
Come, come soon and tarry no  
more.  
'Ere the stars twinkle in the  
sky, make ~~one~~ your wife,  
Crown and happiness I shall  
bring to your life."

The handsome young man pondered over his age and then climbed down faster than the most agile creature. For it was already nearing dusk and the first star might shine any moment.

He knelt before the fair maiden, took her hand in his and kissing her frail fingers said:

"O beautiful maiden,  
With sweet fragrance laden,  
Two springs hence I shall reach

my score,  
Come, let me lead you to my  
door."

Soon they got married and dined together under the starry sky.

News of the beauty of the peasant's wife spread far and wide. For no one in the land had ever seen a girl so comely and modest. The king too heard of her. He gathered his nobles and courtiers around him and said, 'The fitting place for such a charming maiden is beside me and not a poor man's hut. I wish to make her my queen. But before doing so I should get rid of this young man forever.'

So Larry the peasant was at once summoned to the castle. "I hear you're a clever and brave young man," said the king. "I would like you to proceed to the land of Nowhere and fetch the No-one. Remember, if you fail, you'll lose your head."

Puzzled and bewildered, Larry sadly wended his way home. "Fetch the No-one from Nowhere! What does this mean?" he wondered.

"Don't you worry," said his good wife Devonia, after learning the cause of the anxiety. "Be



calm and go to bed. You'll surely wake up to a brighter and wiser morning."

Larry indeed did get up with the solution in his mind. For during the night, in a flash he had found how to tackle the problem. He hurried to the king. The entire court waited in pin-drop silence. For they were surprised how this simple man could so soon accomplish such a bizarre task.

"Your Majesty, according to your wish I visited last night the enchanting land of Nowhere. Here I bring you the No-one," said the peasant in a matter of fact manner, spreading out his



empty palms.

All were impressed. But the king set about finding ■ harder task for Larry. A month passed. One day the peasant was again summoned to the castle.

"You've already proven yourself very smart. Now you must perform another deed for us. Go to the impossible mansion and fetch me the invisible man. In case you're unsuccessful, mind you, your head shall roll off your body," said the king rather sternly.

The poor young man returned home with ■ heavy heart. This time, he thought, he is sure to lose

his life. But his wife again consoled him saying, "Don't you worry. Morning is always brighter and wiser than nightfall."

Waking up her husband before the first crow of the cock, Devonia said, "Without further delay, proceed in the direction the wind blows and all will be well." Then handing him a flute, she continued, "Take this, it will be of great help to you in your mission."

Larry set out his long arduous journey. All day he travelled and when night fell he reached ■ gray gaunt castle. He badly needed ■ warm corner to rest. Thrice he struck the heavy iron knocker. But there was ■■■ response. Then, remembering the flute, he played on it a sad sweet strain. The door at once swung open, groaning loudly on its rusted hinges.

At the far end of a large hall, an old haggard woman sat by the hearth. "Ah!" she exclaimed seeing Larry ■ the door, "The tune you played has already conveyed to me your sentiments. You're indeed in deep trouble. But before I hear you, you must first answer my two questions."

The old woman paused and cleared her throat. "What is it

that begins where it ends and ends where it begins? And what is it that runs and runs and runs but never runs away?"

The hunter thought for a while and then answered, "The first is a road and the second, your clock."

"You're indeed clever, my boy, and ought to be helped. Tell me, what brings you here," she asked in a gentle grandmotherly tone.

"I'm on my way to the impossible mansion to fetch the invisible man, but know not where to go," said Larry.

The old woman hobbled to the door and called into the night. "Arise my croaking friends, arise and come hither. An urgent mission beckons you."

An once in trooped a host of frogs. Big ones, small ones, round ones and square ones.

"Can you tell me where to find the impossible mansion?" she asked of the wee creatures.

"No, we do not know, kind mistress," they replied in one croak. "But our great-great grandfather is on his way. He might be able to assist you."

Just then a loud thumping sound was heard and in hopped a large wrinkled toad. He looked



almost five hundred years old.

"Yes, I know where lies the impossible mansion," said he.

"Then lead this fine young man to it," the old woman instructed him. She filled Larry's bag with bread and cheese and wished him good luck.

Into the deep dark woods they went, the toad briskly hopping and the young man trudging behind. They travelled the whole night and well into the next day. At dusk they reached their destination.

Surrounded by evergreen trees stood a strange mansion. Water, of the colour of the sky, rising up

and flowing down, formed its walls. Its arched ceiling was ■ thousand rainbows. Sweet magical music emanated from it. Thrice croaked the toad and the young man played a lilting happy tune on his flute. Out flowed the liquid door; it turned into ■ wave and carried both of them into the watery abode.

They were in a great hall where burned a million candles. In the middle stood a long table, decked with sumptuous dishes. But not ■ soul was present there. Hungry after their tedious journey, Larry and the toad began relishing the delicious food. Suddenly they observed something most

extraordinary. On the table, at one end, was ■ jug, full to the brim with a honeyed drink. No one was there around it. Yet, it was gradually getting empty.

The toad jumping onto the peasant's shoulder whispered in his ear, "Look there, it is the invisible man who is enjoying his drink."

"Are you the invisible man of the impossible mansion?" asked Larry hopefully.

"I am," replied ■ wee little voice.

"Will you come with me to my land?" the young ■ enquired.

"I shall come. But you should never speak to ■ once you're out



of this charmed place. If you do so, you'll become invisible and lose your identity. Play the magic flute in case you want to communicate and I'll read your thoughts," replied the tiny voice.

Larry immediately set out on his homeward journey. The toad who had come to like him decided to accompany him to his country. The invisible man quietly followed them.

Meanwhile two long years had lapsed. It was the day when Devonia, Larry's wife, was to wed the king and be made a queen. For everyone had taken it for granted that Larry will never return. Nobody took note of the fact that Devonia was weeping continuously. When the king was about to place the crown on her head, "Wait, your Majesty," someone shouted.

But who was it? Who said so? Where was he? The king and his men were puzzled.

"You wanted to meet me. Didn't you?" the unknown voice asked.

Taken aback, the king collapsed into the throne. Soon in marched through the archways and into the decorated hall, Larry and the ancient toad. A lull fell over the



whole assembly.

"My lord," began Larry bowing to the king. "As desired, I bring the invisible man from the impossible mansion."

"Then I should at once speak to him. Otherwise how do I know he exists?" asked the king awestruck.

"But didn't you hear, a moment ago, a voice commanding you to wait? Well, that was the invisible being speaking to you," said Larry in an assuring tone and added, "Your Majesty, don't rush to talk with the invisible man, for if you do so, you too would become invisible."



The king remained silent and pondered deeply. "The young man is indeed kind and humane. He has love and respect for his sovereign. He could have turned me invisible, but instead he cautioned me. How blind and wicked I've been towards him!"

A great change came over the king. Slowly rising from his seat he said in a sober tone, "My people, first of all I seek this young man's forgiveness, for I've done him grievous wrong. I'm indeed proud today that he is one of my subjects. There is an heir to the throne. I therefore crown Larry and his beautiful wife Devonia, as the king and queen of this realm. As for myself, I shall retire into seclusion."

For a moment the people were stunned and could not believe their ears. But then there was

jubilation and the kingdom wore a festive look.

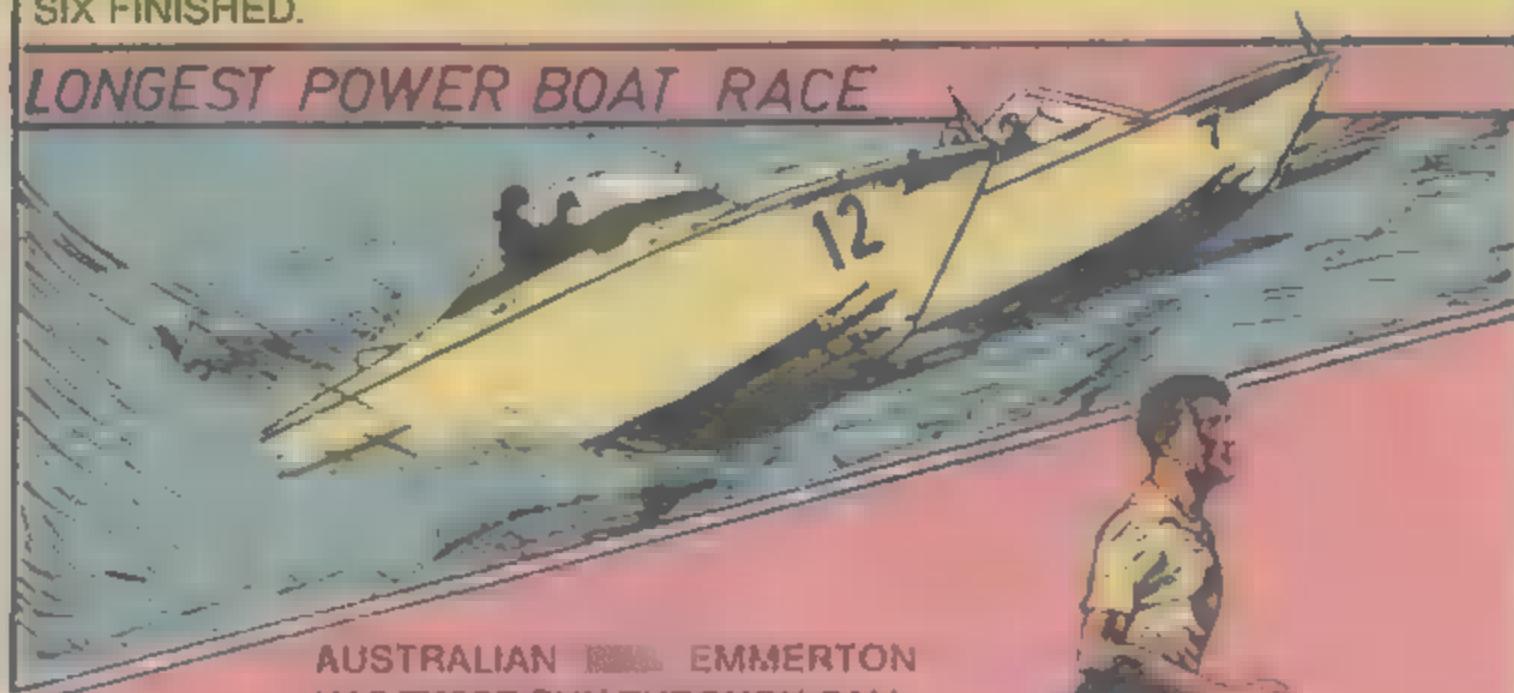
"I would very much like everyone to be fed with the delicacies from the impossible mansion," thought Larry and played on his flute. At once in the sprawling palace garden, there appeared large tables loaded with food and drink. For the invisible man had rightly read Larry's mind. All feasted and rejoiced — they had never done before.

The wise toad was appointed personal adviser to the king. The invisible man returned to his enchanting mansion. But he never failed to come whenever the music of the magic flute beckoned him. And, the peasant and the swan-girl, the young rulers of a beautiful land, lived happily ever after.

Retold by Anup Das

THE LONGEST POWER-BOAT RACE EVER STAGED WAS THE PORT RICHBOROUGH, LONDON TO MONTE CARLO MARATHON OFFSHORE INTERNATIONAL HELD IN 1972. THE DISTANCE WAS 2,947 MILES (4742 KM). 19 CONTESTANTS TOOK PART, BUT ONLY SIX FINISHED.

## LONGEST POWER BOAT RACE



AUSTRALIAN EMMERTON HAS TWICE RUN THROUGH CALIFORNIA'S NOTORIOUS DEATH VALLEY—A DISTANCE OF 211 MILES IN TEMPERATURES THAT REACHED 135°F (57°C).



## DEATH VALLEY RUN

IN 1953 AMERICAN SWIMMER FLORENCE CHADWICK CONQUERED FOUR CHANNELS— IN THE SPACE OF FIVE WEEKS, SETTING NEW RECORDS FOR ALL OF THEM. THESE WERE: THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—14 HOURS, 42 MINS; STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR—5 HOURS, 11 MINS; THE BOSPORUS—1 HOUR, 14 MINS; THE DARDANELLES—1 HOUR, 58 MINS.

## FOUR CHANNELS RECORD-BREAKER



# OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE

"What is meant by *From the fire to the frying pan?*" asks Srabani Dasgupta of Chumukedima, Nagaland.

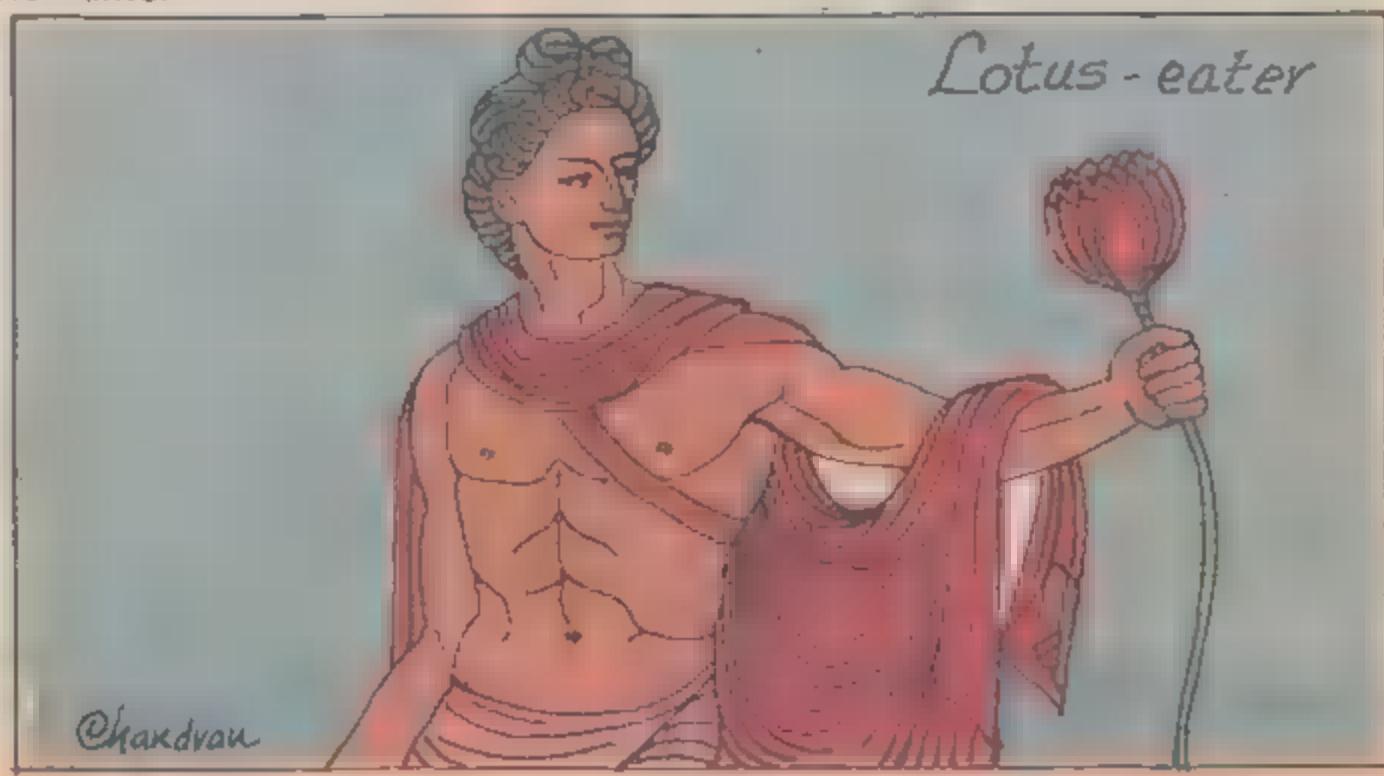
The formal proverb is, *Out of the frying-pan into the fire*. When, in trying to escape from one difficult or dangerous situation ■ person falls into another situation which is even worse, he is said to have gone *out of the frying-pan into the fire*.

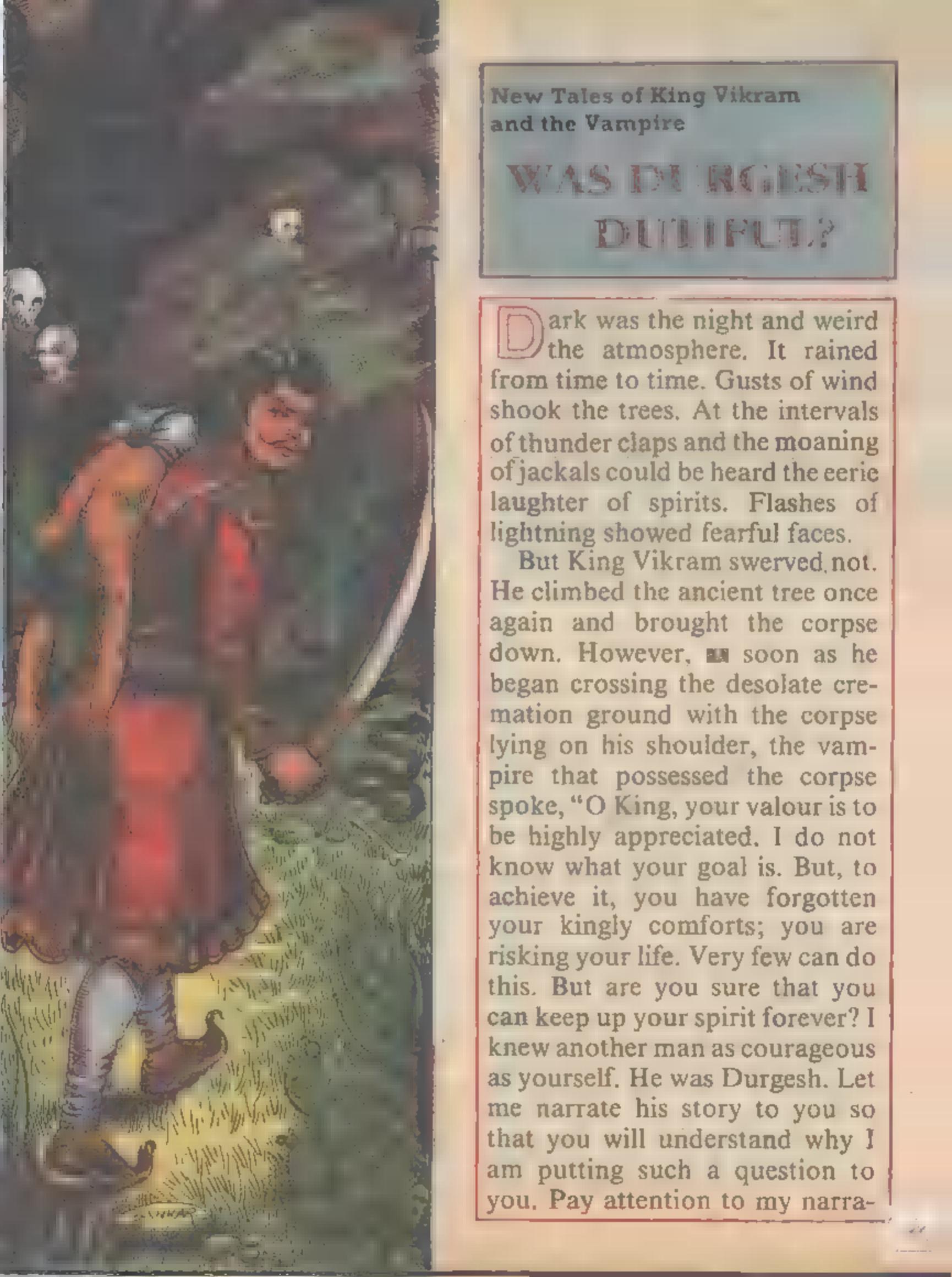
"I read an expression *mastery of life*. Did the writer mean mystery of life? asks Jove Inacio Barboza of Arlem Raia, Salcete, Goa.

It depends on the context. *Mastery of life* is all right if the writer meant to convey ■ person's control over his own passions and emotions.

"I have not been able to understand why ■ very respected leader of India was once described as a *lotus-eater*," writes Kusumita Kulkarni of Bangalore.

*Lotus-eater* is one who is fond of a leisurely lifestyle. Whether the leader in question deserved the adjective or not is, of course a different question and perhaps a matter of opinion. The phrase comes from Homer's description of a certain Lotus-land. Some people who happened to reach the land and eat the lotus fruit available there in plenty, forgot their homes and friends. Their only interest was in eating the lotus fruit and idling away their time!





## New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

# WAS DURGESH DUILFUL?

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the trees. At the intervals of thunder claps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke, "O King, your valour is to be highly appreciated. I do not know what your goal is. But, to achieve it, you have forgotten your kingly comforts; you are risking your life. Very few can do this. But are you sure that you can keep up your spirit forever? I knew another man as courageous as yourself. He was Durgesh. Let me narrate his story to you so that you will understand why I am putting such a question to you. Pay attention to my narra-



tion. That might bring you some relief."

The Vampire went on: The kingdom of Kirtipur was ruled by King Yasdev. He was an able and conscientious ruler and he was in the habit of rewarding those who showed some merit.

In a small village in his kingdom lived a young orphan named Durgesh. Though poor, he was honest and he possessed great self-confidence. Every day he would go into the forest and collect dry wood and sell them in the market. Thereby he earned his livelihood.

Once a tiger of the forest turned into a man-eater. It would

stealthily walk into the forest and pounce on a man or woman if he or she was found alone.

The villagers warned Durgesh against going into the forest. But Durgesh thought that if he did not work and earn his livelihood, he would die. Was it not better to risk his life? He continued to visit the forest.

One day, while he stood on a tree, he heard a piercing cry. Looking down he saw a small girl being chased by a tiger. He hurled his axe at the tiger. It struck the beast on its forehead. It stopped and gave out a roar, looking bewildered. Durgesh jumped down and picked up his axe. The tiger attacked him, but he went on striking the tiger with his weapon. The tiger died.

The incident became the talk of the town. People were all praise for Durgesh. His bravery reached the king's ears. He summoned him and offered him a reward. But Durgesh said, "My lord, I have only done my duty. I could not have looked on while a helpless child was being mauled by a beast! So I acted."

The king appreciated his statement. "Will you like to be a soldier in my army?" he asked Durgesh. The latter gladly accepted the offer. He was

enrolled into the royal army.

It so happened that the very next day King Kalketu of Jamajhore invaded Kirtipur. King Yasdev hurriedly organised his army and went to battle. King Kalketu was ready and was sure of his victory. He laughed wildly and hurled a spear aiming at King Yasdev's horse. As the terrified horse neighed and turned unruly, King Yasdev was about to be toppled. Kalketu laughed again and galloped towards him, raising his sword. He would have beheaded King Yasdev in another minute. But throwing his personal safety to the winds, Durgesh rushed in like a meteor and, planting a strong blow on Kalketu, threw him off his horse. Kalketu's sword also sprang off his hand. Durgesh reached him in a bound and held his sword against the enemy's throat.

"Do you concede defeat now? If you don't, you shall be killed," he shouted.

Kalketu's general threw his sword, raised his hands and exclaimed, "We concede defeat. Please spare our king's life!"

At the general's command, all his soldiers laid down arms and surrendered. Kalketu was taken prisoner. He was set free only after



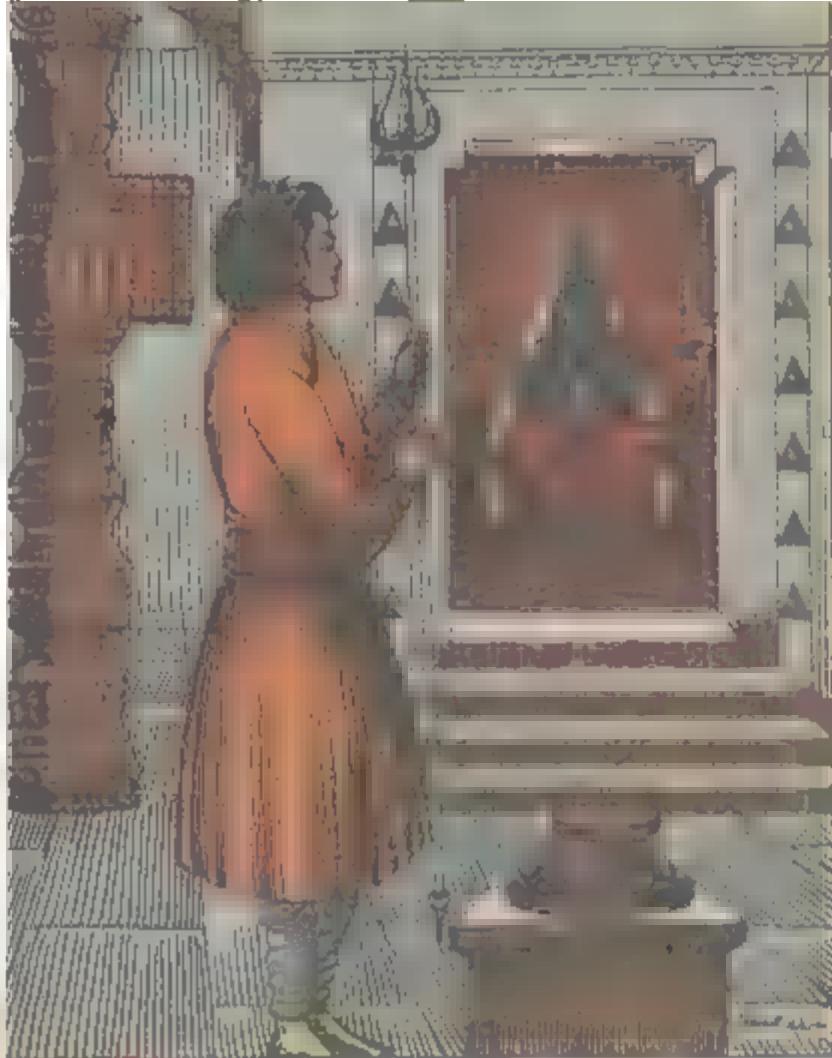
paying a heavy compensation.

King Yasdev wished to give a grand reward to Durgesh. But, Durgesh said humbly, "My lord, my sense of duty forbids me to accept any reward. I have done what any soldier should have done. I could not have remained inactive while my king was going to be killed."

The king promoted him to the rank of his personal bodyguard.

A year later there was a severe drought in the kingdom. The farmers kept gazing at the cloudless sky and sighed in despair. The crop was bound to fail. King Yasdev was extremely pensive.

There was a great astrologer in



his kingdom. He told the king privately—but in the presence of Durgesh—that there was only one way to bring rains to the land. That was to propitiate the goddess of the forest.

"How is the goddess to be propitiated?" asked the king.

"Someone must volunteer to sacrifice himself before the deity—without the slightest fear for death and without any hesitation," replied the astrologer.

As the king lowered his head heavy with thought, Durgesh said in a firm but polite voice, "My lord, I have no fear for death; I have no hesitation in sacrificing my life for the sake of

our people. Please allow me to proceed to the temple and do the needful."

The king's eyes moistened. He knew that Durgesh meant what he said. He also knew that it will be hard to find another man who can do likewise. He kept quiet. Durgesh bowed to him and left for the forest. Inside the deserted temple he found a trident. He held it and said in prayer to the deity, "Mother, I sacrifice myself with no other motive but the welfare of the people. Kindly give my land the necessary rain!"

He aimed the trident at his own chest. But there was a deafening sound. The trident changed into a string of lightning and escaped into the sky. Instantly clouds gathered. Durgesh heard a resounding voice telling him, "I am pleased with your readiness to sacrifice yourself. That is enough. Go home. There will be rain and there will be a bumper crop."

Durgesh prostrated himself to the deity and, through the rains, proceeded to report the matter to the king.

The delighted king offered him a reward once again. But said Durgesh, "My lord, my sense of duty forbids me to accept any reward. How could have I lived

in peace knowing well that my death could have saved the kingdom from ■ famine?"

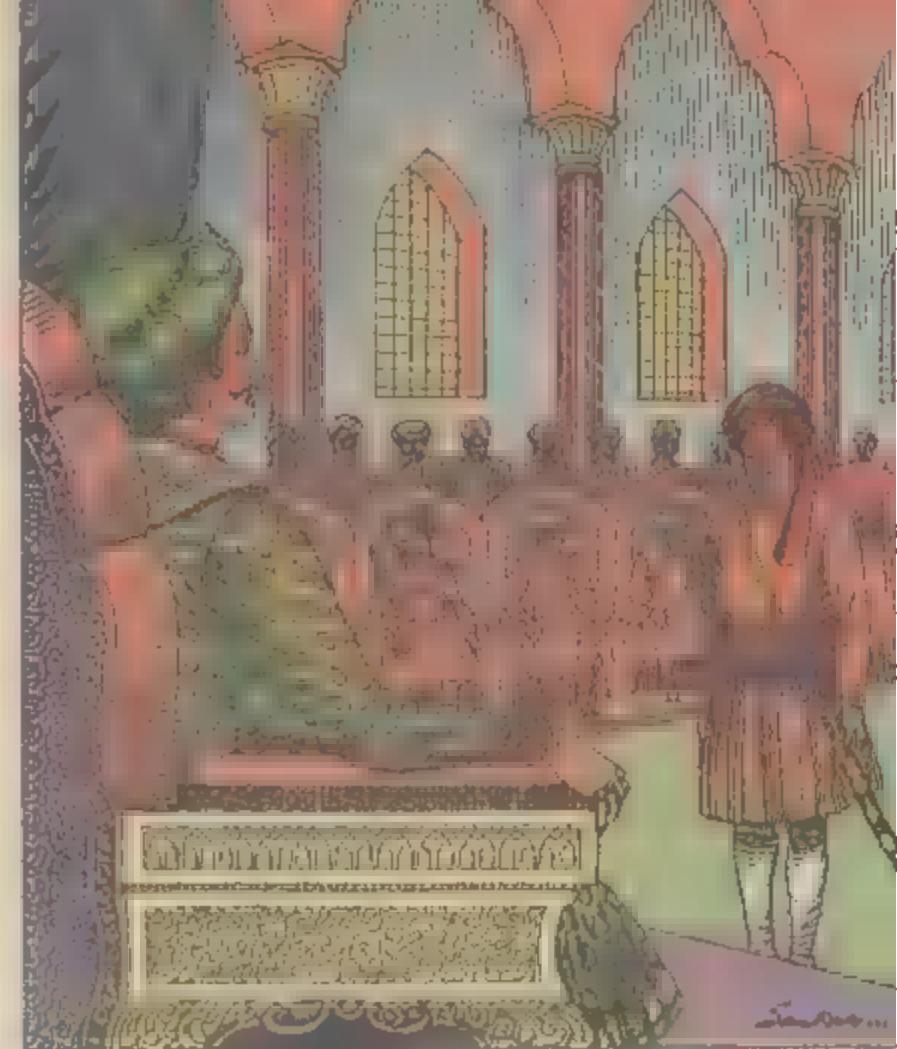
The king was pleased. Durgesh continued to be his bodyguard. But the queen proposed his marriage with one of her chief maids. It proved ■ happy union. Durgesh became the father of a son and a daughter.

Five years passed. There appeared a new danger in the form of ■ giant in the forest. It was a terrible giant. It laid its cruel hand on anyone who happened to pass by the forest and gobbled him up. When people stopped going near the forest, it boldly stepped into the nearby villages and picked up one or two men everyday and ate them. Tigers and elephants of the forest were no match for him. He killed any such beast with a mere blow or two.

The king asked his general in his court, "What is to be done about this menace?"

"My lord, it is impossible for our soldiers to confront the giant," replied the general.

There was ■ smile of ridicule on the lips of Durgesh at the general's reply. The king marked it. He got the impression that Durgesh would tackle the giant even if the general failed to do so.



But he proposed a different solution: "I think we should offer the giant two or three hearty meals ■ day in the royal kitchen. He relishes raw human flesh because he is unfamiliar with cooked meat. Once he is exposed to delicious dishes, he would not care for human flesh. The question is, who would meet him with the proposal?"

Everybody in the court looked at Durgesh. Even the king looked at him with expectation. But Durgesh stepped forward and said, "My lord, my sense of duty forbids me from approaching the demon alone."

All were stunned. The king remained

thoughtful for a moment. Then he stood up and commanded the general to prepare the army to march into the forest.

The vampire paused for a moment and then, in a stern voice, challenged King Vikram to answer his query: "O King, how is it that Durgesh who had been so brave, was suddenly found to be a coward? If he was not prepared to meet the giant himself, what right had he to smile with ridicule at the general's statement? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "Durgesh was always faithful to his sense of duty. He had saved the girl from the tiger, had saved the king from his enemy, had prepared himself to sacrifice

his life at the altar of the goddess when he had no other duty apart from the work before him. Now he was a husband and a father. He had a duty towards his family. He would have forgotten his duty towards his family and risked his life if the situation would have demanded it. But no such situation had arisen. The army could certainly put an end to a single giant or the general could certainly talk to the giant with the army standing behind him. But the general talked like a coward. That is what inspired ridicule in Durgesh. He continued to be as brave and dutiful as he was. But duty for him did not mean dare devilry or risking his life even when an alternative was available."

No sooner had King Vikram finished giving the answers than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



## PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



K.Padmanabha



Devidas Kasbekar

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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The Prize for February '91 goes to:—

Sukanya Basu,  
C/o. Dr. S. Basu  
Material Science Centre, I.I.T. Campus,  
Kharagpur-721 302 West Bengal.

The Winning Entry:— "HOW'S MY DOLL'S HAIR?" AND "ISN'T MY DOG FAIR?"

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### PICKS FROM THE WISE

Two men look out through the same bars:  
One sees the mud, and one the stars.

—Frederick Langbridge

Many a true word is spoken in jest.

—English Proverb

None so deaf as those that will not hear.

—Matthew Henry

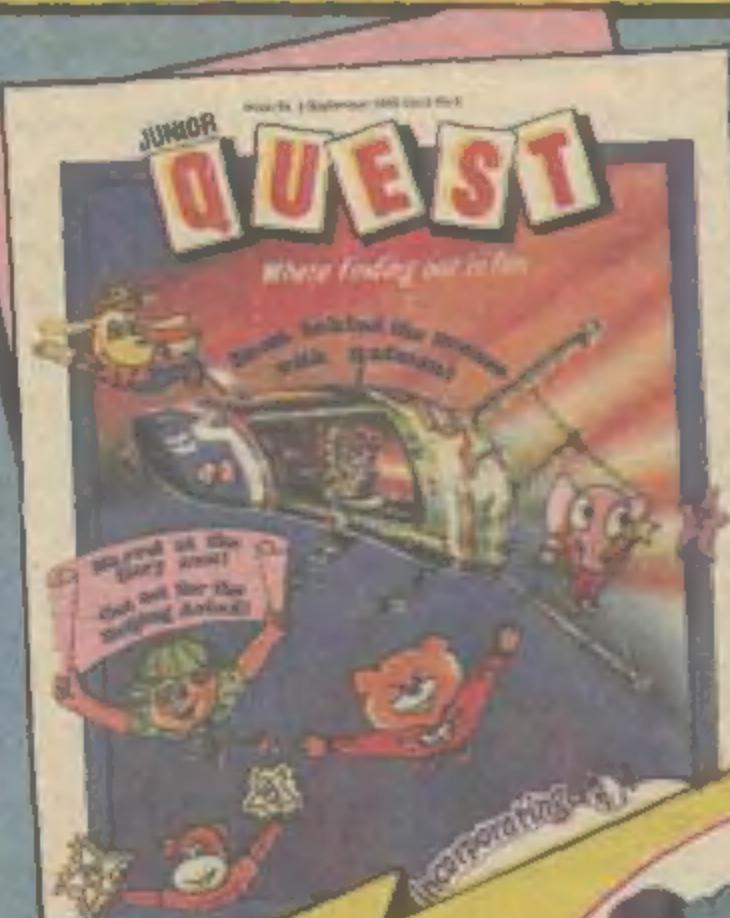


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